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To Robert Townsend, Esq.

with the Publishers,
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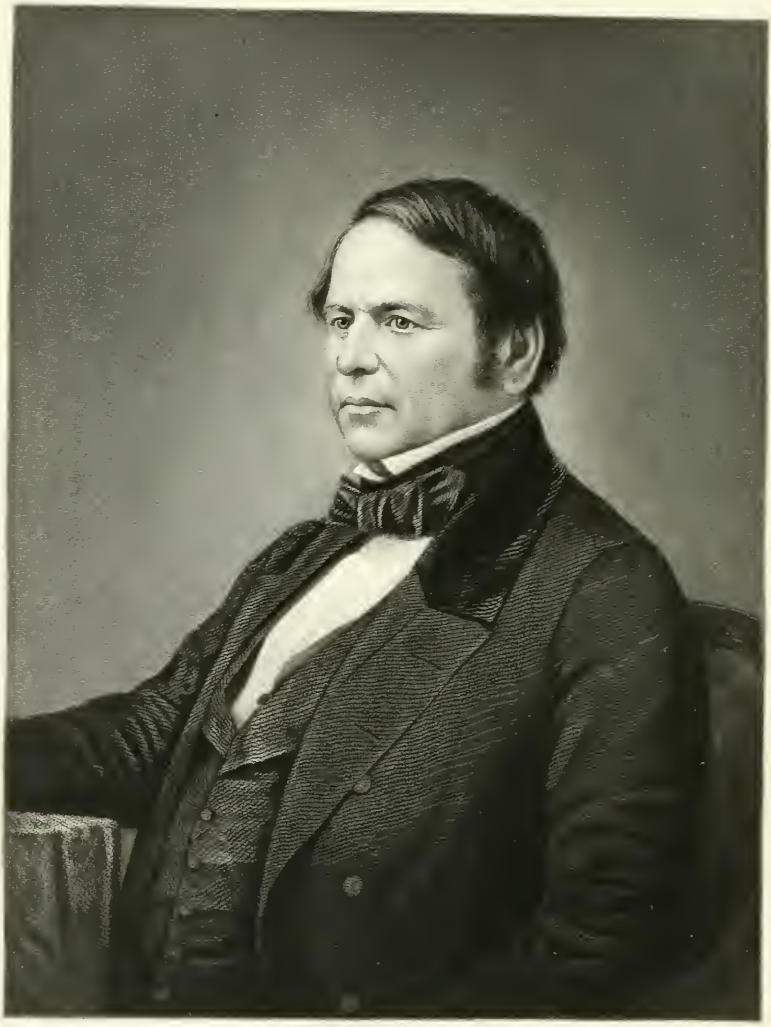

James Brown

A

MEMOIR

OF

JAMES BROWN;

WITH OBITUARY NOTICES AND TRIBUTES
OF RESPECT FROM PUBLIC BODIES.

BY

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

BOSTON:
PRIVATELY PRINTED.
1856.

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PREFACE.

The late James Brown was a man so much respected by the community, and so much beloved by his friends, that after the first sharp sense of the bereavement occasioned by his death had passed away, there was a general wish expressed that some memorial of him might be prepared—not for the public, but for those who honored and loved him — which should contain a sketch of his life and a selection from the various tributes and expressions which were called forth at the time of his death. To meet this wish, this volume has been prepared; and it is commended by the editor to the friends of its lamented subject, in the assurance that they will feel that it has been prepared in the spirit of truth as well as the spirit of love.

G. S. H.

Boston, October 20, 1856.

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MEMOIR.

LIFE OF JAMES BROWN.

James Brown was born in Acton, in Massachusetts, May 19, 1800. He sprang from that class from which so much of the moral worth and intellectual distinction of the country has proceeded, — the rural population of New England, — made up of men who cultivate their own farms with their own hands, whose characters are strengthened by the daily exercise of economy and self-denial, but whose spirits are rarely darkened by hopeless poverty, and never crushed by the consciousness of inability to rise. His father, Joseph Brown, born in Stow, in Massachusetts, about 1751, was the youngest son of a numerous family that came from Rhode Island some years before the date of his son's birth. He was one of the first to offer his services to his country at the breaking out of the Revolution ; and at the battle of Bunker Hill he was wounded by a bullet, which passed through one of his legs and lodged in the other. When the

lead was extracted, he put it into his pocket, saying that they should have it again. He rejoined the army as soon as his wound was healed, and served till the end of the war; rising to the rank of captain. He was with the northern division of the army, and took part in the operations which led to the capture of Burgoyne; and there, and on other occasions, gave proof of courage and conduct.

When the war was over, he settled upon a small farm in Acton, and resided there till his death, in 1813. He held for many years the offices of constable and collector of taxes. His life was the common life of a New England farmer and householder; he worked upon his farm, read the newspapers, discussed the political men and measures of his time, took part in town and parish affairs, faithfully performed the modest duties of the offices which he held; and thus his days were usefully and happily filled.

Capt. Brown was twice married. By his first wife, whose name was Dorothy Barker, he had five children, none of whom are now living.

His second wife was Abigail Putnam, daughter of Deacon Samuel Putnam of Danvers, in Massachusetts. She was a woman of an excellent understanding, and had been well educated for that period. She had been employed for some time previous to her marriage as a teacher of youth; a good preparation, it may be remarked, for household trusts and the care of a family. She was also a woman of much moral worth, a good wife and mother, and faithful to all

the duties devolved upon her. She brought up her children in virtuous habits, and was especially earnest in imbuing them with a love of truth. She was accustomed to devote a part of every Sunday to the moral and religious teaching of her household — a good old New England custom which it is to be feared the establishment of Sunday schools has caused somewhat to decline. If so, these schools have proved to be by no means an unmixed good.

The children of the second marriage were eight in number. Of these, two only now survive; namely, Luke, born in 1795, now residing in the western part of Massachusetts; and Eunice, born in 1802, the wife of Mr. J. G. Lyon, residing at Rockton, in Illinois.

James Brown was the fourth son and sixth child of the second marriage. Unlike his elder brothers,— unlike what would have been supposed by those who knew him in his robust and vigorous manhood, — he was a delicate and sickly child; and on this account he was the object of peculiar care to an affectionate mother, and was in some degree exempted from the rougher labors of the farm. From his earliest years he showed a love of knowledge and a love of books; and those of his friends who believe that "the child is father of the man," and who remember the pleasure he took in his well-chosen library, may deem it not unworthy of record that the first great grief of his childhood arose from the loss, in his third year, of a little picture-book, his solitary possession of the kind.

He could only be comforted by the gift of a new book, then not easily or readily procured.

His early years were by no means destitute of the means of intellectual improvement. Besides such instruction as he could pick up at the district school, taught in the winter by a male, and in the summer by a female teacher, he had access to a good circulating library, which was kept at the minister's house; and he was a diligent reader of such books as were suited to his age. There was also the society of an intelligent and well-educated mother, who had among her own possessions a closet full of books; among which those who are conversant with the literary tastes of the last century will not be surprised to hear were Young's Night Thoughts and Hervey's Meditations.

Nor should we overlook, in summing up the influences which acted upon his mind and character, those elements which grow out of the very constitution of New England society, and were found, in a greater or less degree, in every New England town. Life was more quiet and monotonous fifty years ago than it now is; there were fewer books and fewer newspapers; the means of communication were far inferior; but everywhere there was the pulse of vitality and the consciousness of belonging to a growing and progressive community. The newspaper arrived two or three times a week, and the stage-coach kept up a regular communication with the metropolis. State and national politics were discussed with partisan zeal,

and town affairs were often fruitful in matters which led to controversy and debate. Though books were fewer, and newspapers more meagre than now, they were both read and re-read with a patient deliberation which is now becoming obsolete. All these things would act upon the mind and character of an intelligent and observing boy, who had eyes to see, and ears to hear, what was going on around him — who would listen to the discussions in town and parish meetings, and hear his elders talking about the movements of Bonaparte and the policy of Jefferson, and gunboats, and the embargo, and the orders in council, and the Berlin and Milan decrees — and though all that fell upon the ear was not comprehended, it was none the less calculated to quicken the faculties and keep the life-blood of the mind in circulation.

James Brown was a diligent reader of such books as he could procure; and he read them understandingly. His sister, Mrs. Lyon, remembers his having, when only eight or nine years old, prepared a full abstract of Rollin's account of the seven wonders of the world, and of adding to it a description of all the other remarkable objects he had read of, which seemed to him worthy of being placed in the same class. This was read aloud to the family circle in the evening and received with great favor.

A gentleman, now living in Boston, a native of Acton, and a school-fellow of James Brown, has given me some recollections of him in his boyhood. He describes him as having been a general favorite from

his amiable disposition and the sweetness of his temper. At school, he was a good though not a brilliant scholar; and was especially remarkable for the correctness of his deportment; never having been punished, and rarely reproved. He had a vein of grave drollery, and was a good mimic; frequently entertaining the boys by the exercise of this power. His sense and enjoyment of the ludicrous went with him to the end of life, but in his maturer years he laid aside the habit of mimicry.

My informant also remembers him as a boy of rather slender and loosely compacted frame — not possessed of much bodily activity — and never taking a leading part in the athletic sports of early life. Although of a cheerful spirit, he was rather grave and contemplative, but never dependent upon others for happiness or occupation.

From his farm, and the proceeds of the town offices which he held, Capt. Brown was able to maintain his family in comfort and respectability; but upon his death, in 1813, the widow's means were not enough to enable her to keep all her household together; and the younger sons were obliged to go from home in search of employment and subsistence. James went to live with a farmer in Acton, and remained with him for some time; taking part in such farm labors as were suited to his years and strength. It was while living with Mr. Noyes that his first visit to Boston was made; — an event which was looked forward to with great interest, and long remembered from the

distinctness of the impressions which it left. Sometime in the year 1815, he went to Cambridge, in search of employment; probably attracted to that place by his love of books, and a sort of undefined feeling that it was something to breathe even the air of learning; and perhaps by a faint hope that some of the crumbs of knowledge which fell from that ample board might drop into his lap.

Immediately upon arriving in Cambridge, he found a situation as a domestic in the family of the late Professor Hedge. The fastidious spirit of our times and our country shrinks from the contemplation of a position like this, as if there were something in it of humiliation and pain; but such a feeling flows from the weakness, and not the strength, of our nature. The relation of master and servant is one which the world is not likely to outgrow; and like every other relation between man and man, it may be elevated and dignified by the spirit which animates, and the motives which govern it. In the present case, we may be assured that all its duties, on both sides, were faithfully discharged. Young Brown was a conscientious and intelligent lad, whose spirit was docile and whose temper was without a flaw. It need hardly be said to those who knew the late Dr. Hedge at all, that he was a just, a good, and a benevolent man; and those who knew him well were aware that under a plain exterior he concealed much tenderness and delicacy of feeling. Every member of his household felt the influence and encouragement of

his gentle and benignant nature; and the friendless youth from the country began at once to breathe the genial atmosphere of home. By the surviving members of Dr. Hedge's family he is well remembered as a well-grown stripling, but of a slender frame and pallid complexion, bearing the aspect of delicate health, and holding out no promise of that vigorous tread, erect bearing, and ample presence which he afterwards attained. He was perfectly amiable in temper, irreproachable in moral conduct, of an obliging disposition and cheerful spirit, and especially remarkable for his insatiable love of knowledge — reading everything in the shape of a book he could lay his hands upon, and by the energies of a healthy mind drawing nutriment from all.

Dr. Hedge himself, seeing his taste and aptitude for knowledge, gave him private instruction in mathematics and the Latin language; and the plan of his entering college was entertained and discussed, and might have been carried into effect but for a subsequent change in his position and prospects.

The whole period of Mr. Brown's residence with Dr. Hedge, extending through three or four years, was highly favorable to the growth of his mind and character. The light services required in a simple household left him both time and energy to gratify his love of knowledge; and in this praiseworthy pursuit he had not merely the sympathy, but the aid of his employer. Living too under the roof of a scholar, he was never without the means of obtaining books,

the first want of an expanding mind. But in a gentle and sensitive nature like his these intellectual advantages would have borne but little fruit, had they not been attended, as they were, with a spirit of kindness, with a readiness to acknowledge cheerful and faithful service, and with a considerate thoughtfulness which laid no needless burdens upon him. In Dr. Hedge's family he was never tried with unreasonable requisitions, or capricious exactions, or harsh language; and always had the assurance that so long as he did his duty he might rely upon their friendly regard and substantial good-will.

Mr. Brown's feeling and judgment upon this part of his life were characteristic of the simple dignity of his nature. He never wished to conceal it, or keep it out of sight, or remove it from the contemplation of his own thoughts as if there was anything humiliating or mortifying in it. Nor, on the other hand, had he, in regard to it, that subtle vanity which Dickens so well delineates in the character of Mr. Bounderby, which delights to make a coarse and noisy proclamation of early disadvantages, and to find food for self-esteem in the contrast between present glories and past shadows. It was with Mr. Brown an episode in his life — no more and no less — not to be put out of sight and out of mind as something to be ashamed of; and not to be flauntingly displayed in order to challenge admiration and applause.

Sometime during the year 1818, as Mr. Brown was walking through the streets of Cambridge, on a

Sunday, he was met by the late Mr. William Hilliard, and asked by him if he would like to enter his service as a salesman and general assistant. Such a proposal was a piece of good fortune as unexpected as it was gratifying; and it was very gladly accepted. For this offer on the part of Mr. Hilliard, Mr. Brown was indebted to the thoughtful and considerate kindness of Dr. Hedge, who, seeing the moral worth and intellectual tastes of his young *protégé*, had warmly recommended him to Mr. Hilliard as an assistant, whenever any vacancy should occur in his business. Mr. Hilliard was at that time largely and actively engaged as a publisher and bookseller. He was an intelligent and estimable man; and had his love of money and care of small things been equal to his general capacity and enterprise, he could hardly have failed to accumulate an ample property.

Mr. Brown at once went into Mr. Hilliard's service, and entered upon an untried occupation. His position was at first rather difficult and perplexing. Besides opening and shutting the store, going on errands, attending to the wants of customers, he was employed during a portion of every day in pressing the sheets that came from the printing-office; a labor that tasked severely his physical powers. Mr. Hilliard spent a portion of every day in Boston; and his former assistant, who had been expected to initiate Mr. Brown into his new duties, immediately left his post, without warning, as soon as the new comer arrived; and he was thus left to grope his way, with very imperfect

guidance, over an unknown path. But his natural quickness, aided by resolute industry, qualified him to meet the claims made upon him; and his duties were soon fulfilled with ease to himself and satisfaction to his employer.

Mr. Brown's engaging in the service of Mr. Hilliard was the decisive fact of his life, and from that moment his progress, though slow at first, was sure and uninterrupted.

But there were no unexpected incidents, no sudden turns, no lucky windfalls in his career. It was all substantially moulded of the same elements; each portion bound by natural relation to what had gone before. His subsequent prosperity was as much the inevitable result of the qualities which he showed in the very first week of his engagement with Mr. Hilliard, as the oak is of the acorn. He had found an occupation which suited his tastes and for which his faculties and capacities were singularly well fitted. He was fond of books; he liked not merely to read them but to see them, to handle them, and to have them about him. He was orderly and methodical in his habits; never idle, and never in a hurry; never permitting his business to get ahead of him; possessed of a most retentive memory, always knowing whether he had a book or not, and if he had it, able to put his hand upon it in the dark.

For some years his principal occupation was that of selling books at retail. The success of a salesman, as is well known among men of business, depends

mainly upon certain natural endowments which may be improved by culture, but can neither be taught nor learned ; they are innate, and dependent upon organization and temperament. But in a person who sells books, and thus deals with scholars and men of letters, these qualities must be more nicely tempered and harmonized, than in one who sells shoes or domestic goods to country customers. In Mr. Brown the elements were happily mingled for this object. He was born with the feelings and instincts of a gentleman. He had an unerring power of observation and a delicate tact that never failed him. His manners were winning because they were the natural language of a good heart and a sweet temper ; and their effect was increased by the open and ingenuous expression of his countenance. But his success in this department came mainly from those sources from which the whole success of his life was derived — from his entire truthfulness and perfect honesty. Nothing is more difficult to assume than the simplicity of truth. An artful man may make his manners fine, but hardly natural. But every one who dealt with Mr. Brown felt that he was dealing with a thoroughly honest man, and that every word that fell from him could be taken at its full value, with no qualifications and reservations. In his intercourse with those who came to buy of him there was no alloy of coaxing or wheedling or fawning ; no subtle flattery ; no politic use of weaknesses ; no disingenuous concealments ; and no loud vaunting of the merits of his merchandise.

During the period of his residence in Cambridge, Mr. Brown, though zealous in business, was by no means ascetic in his habits; but he gladly sought the society of congenial friends, and did not deny himself such amusements as did not interfere with the main objects on which his thoughts were fixed. He founded a sort of social meeting which, in imitation of a well-known society in college, was called the Hasty-pudding Club, at the meetings of which a subject was discussed and afterwards the members partook of a simple repast. On one occasion the subject of discussion was: "How may eminence in life be attained;" and after the other members had given their views, Mr. Brown took a piece of chalk from the table, and made a mark on the wall so high that no others could reach it, saying at the same time, "make your chalk high enough."

At one time he was in the habit of meeting with some of his friends to make a thorough study of the principles of grammar. He also read much, and his favorite reading lay among the English poets.

He occasionally indulged himself in shooting and fishing, but never allowing his amusements to encroach upon the hours of business. He thus acquired some practical knowledge of ornithology, and was able to assist his friend Mr. Nuttall in the preparation of his work on the birds of America. On one of these sporting occasions, an incident occurred which showed his self-possession and presence of mind. He was with his friend Mr. N. J. Wyeth, his usual companion

on these expeditions. They were obliged to cross a decayed dam. Mr. Wyeth got safely over, but Mr. Brown slipped and fell into the water, where it was of considerable depth. He disappeared for a moment, but soon emerged dripping like a water-god; and as he scrambled up the bank, his friend noticing that he had his boots in one hand and his gun in the other, asked him why he did not let them go; to which Mr. Brown, with the utmost composure replied: "Because I thought I should want to use them again."

At this period of his life, as soon as the burden of business was removed, he was overflowing with animal spirits and as full of frolic as a schoolboy on a holiday. His joyous temperament sometimes broke out in practical jokes; but they were of a kind that never wounded the feelings, nor left a sting in the memory.

Mr. Brown continued in the service of Mr. Hilliard till 1826, constantly growing in the confidence of his employer, and gradually assuming a larger share of the management of the business. In that year the relations between them were substantially, though not apparently changed, by the formation of a copartnership. The articles were dated September 4th; and the copartnership was to continue for five years.

In May, 1832, soon after the copartnership with Mr. Hilliard had expired by limitation, Mr. Brown formed a new connection with the late Mr. Harrison Gray and Mr. John H. Wilkins, under the style of Hilliard, Gray and Company. In June, 1832, a copartnership was formed between Mr. Lemuel Shattuck, on the one

part, and the firm of Hilliard, Gray and Company, on the other, under the style of Brown, Shattuck and Company, which had its place of business in Cambridge; and its management was under the personal superintendence of Mr. Brown. In August, 1832, Mr. Wilkins withdrew from the firm of Hilliard, Gray and Company, and Mr. Gray and Mr. Brown continued to carry on the business under the same name, until March, 1833, when Mr. Charles Browne was admitted a member of the firm, no change taking place in its designation. The firm of Brown, Shattuck and Company continued till sometime in the year 1834.

In August, 1837, Mr. James Brown withdrew from the firm of Hilliard, Gray and Company, and entered into copartnership with Mr. Charles C. Little, under the style of Charles C. Little and Company,[1] the new firm taking the law books and foreign books of Hilliard, Gray and Company. In this business connection Mr. Brown continued till his death; Mr. Augustus Flagg, and his son, Mr. James Perry Brown, subsequently becoming members of the firm. These dates and facts complete the record of Mr. Brown's business life. We turn back to resume his personal biography, and to set down those events by which his character was ripened, his mind expanded, and his affections quickened and deepened.

[1] The name of the firm always appeared in the imprint of books as Charles C. Little and James Brown; and it was also popularly known as Little and Brown. The present style is Little, Brown and Company.

In May, 1825, he married Miss Mary Anne Perry, daughter of Mr. James Perry of West Cambridge, a lady to whom he had been for sometime attached, and with whom he united his fortunes, as soon as he felt that his position and prospects justified his assuming the care of a family. A nature and a heart like his would be sure to form an early but not a rash marriage. His affectionate temper, and his need of quick and constant sympathy, drew him strongly towards domestic life; and for domestic life he was well fitted by his loving and gentle spirit, his refinement of feeling, his taste for quiet pleasures, and his perfect good temper. In this last quality — so large an element in the happiness of a happy home — Mr. Brown could hardly be surpassed. There are men who, by vigorous exercise of the habit of self-command, can repress the sallies of an impatient spirit; but the effort cannot be concealed from an observant eye, and the enforced virtue has not the grace and sweetness of the natural growth. Mr. Brown had no rebellious impulses to subdue, for the pure gold of his temper never contracted the slightest stain of irritability, and his gentle and gracious bearing had all the charm of spontaneous movement.

Mr. Brown resided in Cambridge from the time of his marriage till 1829, when he removed to West Cambridge, and took a house upon Wellington Hill, now occupied by his second son, Mr. Edward Wyeth Brown. In 1835, he came into Boston and lived for a year or two in a house upon Washington Place,

Fort Hill, but his love of rural pleasures and rural occupations was too strong to make him contented in a city, and he returned to his former residence upon Wellington Hill, where he remained till 1840, when he moved into the house in Watertown which he built, and in which he continued to reside till his death.

The children of his marriage were five in number, three sons and two daughters; and they formed an affectionate and a happy household. Mr. Brown was a kind and indulgent father; winning from the first the confidence of his children; never repelling their young hearts by coldness or sternness, nor darkening them by the shadow of fear. Nor did he live — as is often the case with men absorbed by the cares of a prosperous and increasing business — in practical ignorance of the minds and characters of his children. He was a conscientious as well as a loving father, and faithfully discharged the trusts of a parent by his care as well as his tenderness.

When he first set up housekeeping he had very little property and but a moderate income, and was obliged to live frugally and in a plain way. But love makes all sacrifices light; and looking at life from the beginning to the end, it is beyond question a gain, in happiness even, to start under the rule of strict economy and self-sacrifice. Hope is the sunshine of the heart; and those young people who begin life with a free gratification of wants, and a full sense of prosperity, lose the fine relish that comes

with each new and hard-earned indulgence, and the delight of adding to another's pleasure by self-sacrifice and renunciation. They may well be pitied for not knowing the enjoyment of gradual progress through their own power and perseverance.

Mr. Brown's business career was uniformly prosperous. For some years after his marriage his progress was not very rapid; nor were his gains large. He was not of a scheming and speculating turn: the foundations of his success were laid slowly and deeply in industry, economy, sagacity, and a rigid adherence to plain and safe rules in the conduct of business. He was thus spared the corroding anxieties and the wasting cares that haunt the path, and murder the sleep, of reckless and daring spirits. In common with the whole business community, he passed through more than one of those periods of pecuniary pressure which recur from time to time in our country; and there were doubtless moments of grave examination into his affairs, not unmingled with uneasiness; but he never suffered serious embarrassment or long-continued perplexity. The clouds never darkened round him so as to shut out the light. And from the time of his entering into partnership with Mr. Little, success flowed in upon him in a deeper and broader stream. In the management of the business of this new firm each partner found the distinct sphere which was in unison with his tastes and his capacities; neither interfering with the other, and both working harmoniously together.

In seeking the causes which led to Mr. Brown's success in business, — and which contributed to the success of the copartnerships of which he was a member, — we find them in a combination of qualities not so rare in themselves as in their harmonious union. They may be briefly summed up by saying that he had the tastes of a scholar, the manners of a gentleman, and the habits of a man of business. He was born with the instincts and perceptions of good breeding; and he had nothing to learn or to forget in order to qualify him to stand in the highest social place. He was born, too, with a strong love of knowledge, and consequently a strong love of books; and having had more than common opportunities in his youth for indulging this taste, he began active life with an amount of literary and miscellaneous acquisition not common among men who have not had what is usually termed a liberal education. These acquirements were of daily use to him as a publisher and a seller of books. He understood books as a scholar, as a bibliographer, and as a tradesman; he knew their substantial worth, their factitious or artificial value in the eyes of collectors, and their popular estimation. But these scholarly accomplishments would have been of doubtful value had they not been tempered and controlled by a sound practical understanding. Booksellers and book publishers sometimes fail of success because they love books not wisely but too well; because they push the scholar's tastes and habits

into the region of puré business, and regard the contents of their shelves more as a library than as a stock in trade. Mr. Brown was a man of accurate and careful habits of business as well as a lover of books. These habits did not, perhaps, so much belong to his original constitution as did his literary tastes, but a strong sense of duty and a resolute will gave them all the energy of natural impulse.

The principal part of the business of the firm of Little and Brown consisted in the publication and sale of law books, and in the importation and sale of foreign books. Their publications in general literature have been, for the most part, of a grave, solid, and substantial character, such as works in theology, history, politics, political economy, and biography — rarely meddling with those lighter and more ephemeral publications that come with the leaves of spring and go with the leaves of autumn. In their sales of law books they were, it is believed, the first to apply that well-known rule in political economy, that in articles of permanent demand the increase of purchasers is greater, in proportion, than the decrease of price. It was formerly the usage to print a small edition of a law book, and to sell the copies at a high price — a custom transmitted from England, and there founded on the limited demand presented by a bar neither numerous nor rapidly increasing. But Messrs. Little and Brown had the sagacity to perceive that the lawyers in our country were a numerous body, that

their increase would keep pace with the progress of the country; and they drew the ready inference that if they could offer them at three dollars such books as had formerly cost five, the difference in price would be more than made up in the difference in sales. The result justified their enterprise; and thus they and the members of the legal profession were alike benefited. For obvious reasons, the price of law books must always be more than that of works in general literature; but in the legal publications of Messrs. Little and Brown the difference is less than that which the profession were previously accustomed to.

The importation and sale of foreign books was the department of their business which came under Mr. Brown's especial control. For this he was particularly well fitted by his tastes and accomplishments. He knew the worth and the value of books; and he had an intuitive sagacity in discerning what the public wanted. This branch of their business was much increased during the latter years of his life, and after his successive visits to Europe. His temperament was hopeful and sanguine; and he bought very largely both of old works and new editions. The result did credit to his judgment and discernment; but his latest purchases were on a scale beyond which he could hardly have gone with safety.

During the last fourteen years of his life, Mr. Brown made five voyages to Europe. With the exception of his second visit, in 1845, he had always

the companionship of one or more members of his family. The formation or extension of his business connections was the main inducement to these excursions, and London and Paris were his chief points of interest; but he allowed himself time to visit many places interesting from associations or attractive from natural beauty. He saw England and Scotland more thoroughly and deliberately than most American tourists; and he visited Ireland, Holland, Belgium, North Germany, the Rhine country, Switzerland, and parts of France. These brief trips to Europe were sources of high enjoyment to him. His good health and his stock of animal spirits made him sensitive to the pleasures of travelling and indifferent to its discomforts. He took great delight in examining places and objects familiar to him in books. His simple, cordial manners, and the unaffected worth and intelligence which they expressed, made him everywhere welcome; and many of his transatlantic acquaintances ripened into enduring and valuable friends. The London publishers and booksellers with whom he was brought in contact — a shrewd and observant body of men — at once recognized his claims as a man and as a man of business; and the favorable relations he established with them were due not merely to the ample pecuniary credit he commanded, but also to the confidence inspired by his presence.

His first visit to Europe was in 1841. He was absent about four months; leaving Boston in June

and returning in October. He was accompanied by Mrs. Brown; and on this account, and from the fact that his children were too young for any thing more than brief communications, there are no memorials of this tour to be found among his papers. Much of his time and thoughts were given to business, and to the establishment of his relations with European publishers. During this visit he made the acquaintance of that eminent publisher, the late Mr. John Murray. By this gentleman — a sagacious observer of men and manners — Mr. Brown was treated with a cordial and hospitable kindness which was in itself a compliment, and which was always warmly and gratefully remembered. His youngest son — born after his return — received the name of John Murray, in honor of his transatlantic friend.

Upon his return home, Mr. Brown wrote a brief account of his tour to a friend in the western country. His letter appeared, but without the writer's name, in the Cincinnati Daily Republican of October 27, 1841, and is here reprinted.

Boston, October 17, 1841.

We left Boston in the Caledonia, on the first of June, and reached Halifax in forty hours. Halifax harbor looks pretty as you approach it, but is as dull a city within, as was ever built of shingles or inhabited by Blue Noses. We remained only a few hours, and set sail with a fine wind and smooth sea for Liverpool. Excepting some trifling sea-sickness

we were well, and enjoyed the remainder of the voyage as well as any one can on shipboard; for after all it is a most uncomfortable life at sea, and it was well said that "it is a poor home that is not better than a ship." On the eleventh morning we saw Mizen Head, in Ireland, and the next the shores and mountains of Wales, and on the thirteenth were safely landed in Liverpool. This is a fine city, full of activity, and about the size of New York. On the morning of the fourteenth, we took our seats in the cars, and, passing through a most delightful country, arrived at London, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles, in the evening. In the course of the day, we went through Birmingham and several other large manufacturing towns; but the charm of the ride was the rich agricultural country, and especially the Vale of Aylesbury, a spot unequalled for rural beauty perhaps in the world.

I made direct for the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, of course. Besides being one of the best houses in London, it is the place where Franklin lived, and I sat in the very stall where he and Strahan used to dine and hold their political discussions. This house, too, is within a stone's throw of St. Paul's, Paternoster Row, Fleet Street, and in fact is in the very heart of Old London. I called several times at Dr. Johnson's old home in Bolt Court, and drank a glass of ale to his memory. In the same dingy, dirty lane, is the Printing Office where Franklin worked journeywork, if you know

what that means. The building is occupied for the same purpose now. I looked into Wills and Button's also, and did not forget the Boar's Head, nor the Saracen's, made classic by Dickens, as the haunt of the hero of Dotheboys Hall. Paternoster Row I was greatly disappointed in. Instead of a fine street, full of splendid booksellers' shops, it is a narrow lane (not even a thoroughfare) barely admitting a carriage, dirty, dark, full of foul odors, gloomy, and disgusting. It is for the most part filled with booksellers; but what gives a character to the whole lane is a large tallow-chandler's establishment, and the beef market. It resembles in size Bromfield Street, in Boston, but is perhaps twenty rods longer, and narrower than any of your streets in Cincinnati, that I saw last winter. In this mean street, however, as you know, are sold more fine books than in any other in the world. Here, too, booksellers with their families live, and here, as elsewhere in London, you meet the bookseller's wife assisting in the labors of the shop,—busy with the pen, or assorting parcels for distant customers, and in the retail shops, discussing the comparative value of the different editions of Bayle and Domat; and if you call to dine with her, you will find her at home also in all matters which with us are thought to be a woman's exclusive province — the management of household affairs.

The bookselling business is much more subdivided than with us. Law booksellers sell only law books. Medical booksellers only medical books, &c. None

of them keep what with us is called "an assortment." If you want several books, you call on your bookseller and give him a list, and he procures them. No single bookseller, as with us, pretends to keep every book, new and old.

At a dinner given by one of the trade, I became acquainted with Mr. Murray, the justly celebrated publisher. He is now about seventy, but still in good health and the full enjoyment of a green old age. I afterwards dined with him and his family at Albemarle Street, and spent a Sunday with them at Twickenham, at a delightful country residence on the Thames, within a few rods of Pope's house, and ten minutes walk from Strawberry Hill, where Horace Walpole wrote his charming letters. In the afternoon we rode down the Thames to Richmond, walked over the celebrated Park, and enjoyed the richest view in the world—the valley of the Thames, Windsor Castle, a glimpse of the Gothic towers of Eton College, and the thousand delightful palaces and country seats which are imbedded in the deep green fields and woods of Old England.

Mr. Murray has published for most of the celebrated authors of England, from the time of Sheridan to the present, and he has a rich fund of anecdote which he might, and I hope will, embody in a book, that would be as interesting a one as has been given to the world in that eventful period in literary history. He told me many which I have not time or room to give you. He doubtless knows as much of

Byron's private life as any other person alive, and his publications are among the best, and their style infinitely superior to that of any of his contemporaries. His splendid editions of Lockhart's Ballads and of Childe Harold, now just before the public, bear full testimony to this fact. He has a delightful family, and lives in the exercise of that hospitality peculiar, I believe, to Old England—the perfect personification of the "Old English Gentleman,"—the finest character on earth.

Bound on business, I had not time to go into the details of England. I went to Eton College, and Windsor, and Virginia Water; to Oxford, Hampton Court, and Bushy Park and Palace; Chelsea, Greenwich, &c.; to Edmonton, and in the city spent a day or two visiting Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Hall, the Courts, the Tunnel under the Thames, the Galleries, &c., &c. After passing five weeks in London, we went by Southampton to Havre, and thence up the Seine, by Rouen, to Paris; remained ten days; thence by diligence through Coutrai, Cambrai, &c., to Leige; thence to Brussels, Antwerp, Waterloo, &c.; thence to Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and then up the Rhine to Ehrenbreitstein, Coblentz, and Mayence; thence to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, which was the end of our journey. From that place we retraced our steps to the Rhine, and down through Holland to Rotterdam; remained there a day, and took steamer to London; thence to York, Newcastle, Alnwick Castle, &c., to

Edinburgh and Glasgow. From Glasgow I went to Ayrshire and saw the birthplace of Burns, followed Tam O'Shanter from Ayr to the Bridge of Doon, by old Kirk Alloway; saw the grand monument to Burns on the banks of Doon, &c.; returned by Androssan to Fleetwood in England; thence to Liverpool, and here I am.

Though driven by business, I saw much, and enjoyed myself to the full extent of my capacity. Within the last eight months, and since I saw you in Cincinnati, I have travelled at least fifteen thousand miles, and seen all sorts of "life and manners," from the interior of Arkansas to Paris; from the swamps of Georgia to the gardens of England and Belgium. I can hardly realize that I have gathered cotton and moss from the fields and woods of the Mississippi, wheat from Waterloo, and roses and relics from "the banks and braes of bonny Doon," in so short a time. But so it is; they are all before me, and here I am without accident—not even the loss of a farthing.

In October, 1844, a severe affliction fell upon him in the death of his wife, who had been for some time in declining health. Mrs. Brown was an amiable and affectionate woman, of retiring manners and rather delicate health, who found her happiness in the faithful discharge of her duties as a wife and mother. Her husband was tenderly attached to her, and she deserved all the love and confidence she enjoyed.

Here it may not be inappropriate to introduce a portion of a letter written to his three youngest children, during a brief absence from home, which shows his kindly and playful temper, as well as the warm and expressive affection which marked his domestic relations.

WASHINGTON, January 28, 1843.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I wrote a letter from this place last summer to your brothers and now I shall try to write something to you. Last Tuesday I wrote to your mother and gave her some account of my journey up to that time. On Thursday I left Philadelphia on the railroad for Baltimore and Washington. The weather was fine, and has been during all my journey. The ride through Pennsylvania and Delaware was very pleasant, though not new to me, as I have been over the ground many times before. . . . .

Here I have been about selling books and looking at the curiosities, &c. From the western part of the Capitol you can see the Potomac River far down—almost to Mount Vernon, where Washington lived, and where his tomb is. You also have a fine view of Alexandria and Georgetown as well as Washington City. The weather is very warm here and the negroes are ploughing in the fields. Sometimes I have counted ten or twelve all driving their horses and ploughs round a great field. They are very merry, and sing and laugh as loud as a fish-horn.

In the market are plenty of deer, duck, and fish; also spinach, sweet potatoes, &c., and the little negroes bring mocking-birds in abundance. They bring their chickens alive. One negro woman had half a dozen cackling hens in one hand, and a baby almost as big as John Murray, and as black as the shiniest blacking, in the other, and cried who'll buy? I dont know which she meant to sell, but I thought I would not buy the baby because your mother said, some time ago, she had enough of them.

This afternoon I had to go from the Treasury Office to the Capitol; so, as I was tired, I asked a negro coachman what he would carry me for. "Oh, Massa," he said, "for two levies," (twenty-five cents.) "That's too much," I said, "it is hard times." "Oh, Massa," he said, "hard times for poor nigger, but Massa, he no hard times for you. You neber see hard times nor you neber will; you dont look like him." So I had to give him his two levies.

There are rows of carriages all down the great street, and as a great many of them have little to do, the drivers, all negroes, have a plenty of fun. They sing queer negro songs, and I suppose by their laughing, tell very funny stories. They are very polite to the ladies. Several of them met this morning in front of our hotel and made more bows and curtesies than your dancing parties make in a whole evening, though all of them had either baskets of marketing or something else in their hands.

To-morrow morning, if it does not storm badly, I

shall go back to Philadelphia, and on Monday hope to be in New York, where I shall have to stay a day or two, and then shall come home, where I hope to be on Thursday or Friday. . .

Your affectionate father,

JAMES BROWN.

In 1845, Mr. Brown made a second visit to Europe, leaving home in the steamer of April first, and returning in that of July nineteenth. This was the only occasion on which he was entirely alone during these foreign excursions. To relieve the irksomeness of the solitude which was always distasteful to his genial and social nature, he kept an ample journal of his movements and observations, some extracts from which are here appended. It is an unstudied record of his daily life, hastily jotted down in such brief intervals as he could snatch from his many engagements and occupations; but it will interest his friends alike from the ease and animation of the style, and from the unconscious revelations which it makes of his own amiable and kindly nature.

April 14th, 1845. Took cars for London. The day was stormy and cold, and the country showed few marks of spring. Even the Vale of Aylesbury looked gloomy and cheerless. Arrived at Old London Coffee House, at six o'clock, P. M., being nine hours from Liverpool, a distance of two hundred and ten miles. The road is much of the distance uneven,

and on the whole appears not so good as our best roads.

15*th.* Breakfasted in the stall where, seventy-five years ago, Franklin usually took his meals, and discussed with Strahan the then growing troubles with the mother country. There is a permanency about things here that does not exist with us. What stall in America will be found "unimproved" seventy-five years hence, or has remained so that length of time?

21*st.* Took tea and supped with Pickering, the celebrated publisher, in Piccadilly. Saw a large collection of Burns's manuscript poems; amongst others the original of "Mary in Heaven," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Bruce's Address;" also a copy of the first edition (1785) of his poems. Mr. Pickering is an enthusiast in his profession, to which he is most devoted. He has done more for the advancement of the printing art, and the dissemination of the best class of English literature, than any other man alive. He lives over his shop, as is the habit of some of the wealthiest tradesmen here. We sat at the table, and drank Old Port, and talked of old books, till nearly two o'clock. Mr. Pickering understands the value of both. This was a "red-letter day."

25*th.* Called on several of the trade, and also on Mr. Rogers, the poet, at the request of Mr. Moxon. He received me very cordially, and opened his most curious collection of paintings and curiosities to my inspection. He has, amongst other rare things, the

original contract of Milton with Symmons, for the sale of Paradise Lost, for £5, and the first edition of that work. Spent two hours in the Library, then returned to the drawing-room and was introduced to Mr. Wordsworth the poet, who is on a visit to Mr. Rogers. He had a long conversation with us,—asked after Pennsylvania, in which he is interested, as his relatives hold a large amount of her bonds. Invited us to visit him at Rydal Mount. Told us not to follow the example of many of our countrymen, and pass our time in the frivolities of Paris, and the ruins of Italy, to the neglect of our fatherland. I told him that we did not intend to do so, that I preferred to know the people of England to any other object. He then said that he was glad his advice was not needed by us; that he thought it a poor way to go abroad to learn German metaphysics, which could be as well learned at home; but the study of man must be made on the spot. I told him also that I first published his poems in America. He remembered the edition, and said he had the copy I sent to him. Mr. Rogers made us promise to breakfast with him on Monday, and we then took our leave.

28*th*. Breakfasted at nine o'clock, with Mr. Rogers, according to appointment. Mr. R. delighted us with his literary anecdotes of the last sixty years. Showed us numerous autographs of Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Sheridan, &c. He takes a warm interest in America,—remembers his father's decided friend-

ship for the colonies when the war of the Revolution broke out. The Recorder, his father's friend, when he heard of the battle of Lexington, went into mourning, and the Master of Ordnance at the Tower gave up his place, worth £1,000 a year, rather than ship guns to America, to be used against us. Mr. Rogers directed our attention to Dryden's house, and Milton's garden. He is now eighty-one years old — hale and cheerful.

May 5th. Went to the Tower — once a prison of state, now a museum of curiosities and arms. There is a complete series of arms, from about 900, down to the present time, arranged by Sir Samuel Meyrick, in a most beautiful manner. Horses and horsemen, knights, esquires, yeomanry,— all dressed and armed according to the times in which they lived. Many of the kings so mounted, are likenesses as well in person as armor. In another apartment we were shown the various instruments of torture, those venerable arguments for the spread of faith and the advancement of truth. The axe used in the execution of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and the Countess of Salisbury, is here. No Englishman could be found who would act as executioner to Lady Jane Grey, and a Frenchman was sent for, for the purpose. He was left-handed, and the axe was made expressly for his use. The block is here too, on which the Scottish lords were beheaded in the time of the Pretender (1745). The seams on it, which the axe-man made, when he struck through

the neck, are deep, and show with what zeal he did his work. Here is the little prison-room, with walls eighteen feet thick, where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for twelve years.

11*th*. Breakfasted with Mr. Vertue, and then took railroad and steamboat to Gravesend, twenty miles, to visit Colonel William and Major James Burns, sons of the poet. After an agreeable ride down the river, the shores of which are highly cultivated, and often ornamented with fine country seats, we arrived at Gravesend at one o'clock. Called on Messrs. Burns, whom we found at home, and pleased with our visit. The daughter of James, (the one pictured with a daisy in her hand, standing by the side of her grandmother,) is a very intelligent and pretty Scottish lassie, and strongly resembles her grandfather. She talked with much interest of the poet. Her father, (James) the youngest son of Burns, has no resemblance in person or mind to the poet: William, on the contrary, resembles him strongly in person and expression. His face is what would be called a perfect likeness. He appeared under some disadvantage, being ill, but his conversation was animated, and his eye showed the original fire. He manifested a lively interest in his father's fame in America, which country he intimated he might visit. Both these gentlemen are retired officers from the East India Company's service, and have both passed thirty-two years at or near Madras. I left them with a melancholy feeling that it was the

last time I should ever see a living representative of the greatest poet since Shakespeare.

13th. Went with Mr. Pickering to Hampstead, to hear the nightingales in "Caen Wood," and was gratified with a full concert. The note is very much like that of the ferruginous thrush, but less varied, and not so loud. It is very quick and lively, and not as I expected, slow and pensive. So much for impressions from poets. We had a fine moon, and remained in the wood listening to the warblers till after nine o'clock. Then walked through such lanes as are to be found only in England, to Highstead. Passed the cottage where Steele wrote his Essays, and which is pictured in Drake's Essays at Hampstead, — and Coleridge's residence (Mr. Gillman's) at Highstead. On the whole, had a delightful ramble, with a most intelligent and kind-hearted man, and returned to his house in Piccadilly, at ten. Supped with him, talking over literary anecdotes.

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June 4th. Went to St. Denis to hear the organ. I am no musician, but I am sure it was played with surpassing skill. The imitation of a tremendous storm was perfect. The first grumbling of the thunder in the distance, its nearer approach, and finally the awful bursting of the whole storm, thunder, rain and hail, was as frightful as any reality could be. A gentleman sitting near me, unconsciously grasped his umbrella, and was in the act of handing it to a lady, when he woke from his dream,

and was sensible of the deception. I am glad that I have witnessed so impressive a scene. On my way back to town, bought some sabots, or wooden shoes. The woman who sold them expressed her surprise that sabots were not worn in so cold a country as America, — said she had no idea that we were so much behind in the arts of life, and expressed her belief that those bought by me would be greedily copied.

7th. The Belgian country over which I passed, is highly cultivated — to a remarkable extent by the spade, and the seed sown in drills, instead of broadcast. Neither of these methods can be practised except when labor is very low. Much of the heaviest labor is done here by women, who seem to be treated more like beasts of burden, than the men of the same rank. I saw this morning two women just beginning to spade a lot, of I should think four acres, and I could hardly conceive a more discouraging prospect, the progress of the labor is so slow. Three or four of the lords of creation sat near with their long, dirty beards, smoking, and observing the work go on. Yesterday, I passed a man and woman returning from the day's labor in the field, with the tools, and the man sat in the handcart, which the woman dragged, or rather shoved!

12th. Leipsic is a nice city, but remarkable for little except its University. The principal building is very plain, without any pretensions to the picturesque. In the evening, went with Mr. B. Tauch-

nitz, and Dr. Fluegel, to Mr. T.'s country-house, or castle, (as it is in magnitude,) about four miles out of town. Mr. Tauchnitz lives in a very expensive way, and is decidedly wealthy. He has a very interesting family. His house is surrounded by water, (a branch of the Elbe,) and single forest trees, with gardens, and every thing belonging to a large landed estate in this country. Passed a pleasant evening. Both Mr. and Mrs. Tauchnitz speak English. Our supper would have surprised a New England Teetotaller. In the first place, the servant presented me with what I supposed was a plate of soup, but which I found to my surprise was quite another thing. It was a plate of Hock wine, sweetened and spiced, and with bits of toast floating on it, resembling, in all but the taste, a soup-maigre. It was delicious. Then followed pigeons, fowls, &c., &c., with a constant flow of delicious wines, sweetmeats, and a long list of delicacies, which I did not venture upon.

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20th. Rejoiced to be once more in Old England amongst a people that can *talk*, and that have always received me as an old friend. Looked about for lodgings, but could find none that I would occupy. The London Coffee House, so long the resort of Americans, is dark, dirty, and ill-attended. Inquired of my friend William Smith, bookseller, 113 Fleet Street, who told me there were fine rooms at Stoke Newington, that I could obtain, belonging to a "very decent person." As it was only four miles out of

town, and the communication constant by omnibus, I decided to go and look at them. Accordingly at evening he accompanied me, and I was agreeably surprised to find myself (willy-nilly) his guest. He said he was alone, having no children, and having lately lost his wife, and should feel obliged if I would remain with him, as long as I staid in London. Of course, I could not resist such an invitation.

22nd. Walked with Mr. Smith over the village of Stoke Newington. It is an extremely pleasant village, having Highbury, Hampstead, Tottenham, Clapton, and Islington, as boundaries. It is quite in the country, and the gardens and villas of the Londoners are scattered in the rich farms and orchards of the cultivators. The New River, which supplies a portion of London with water, runs through the village, and the river Lea, which was one of Walton's haunts, runs for some distance parallel with it, in the neighboring town of Clapton. This village seems to have been the favorite resort of authors. Goldsmith lived near it, and wrote his Vicar in a house near the one I occupy. Dr. Watts lived and died here, and his chapel is now used as a lecture room. Priestley, too, preached here. De Foe's house is still in fine repair, and indicates a thrifty and opulent proprietor, as De Foe is said to have been when he resided here.

July 6th, Sunday. Went by railroad to Slough, and then walked through the largest and finest wheat fields to Stoke Pogis church, the burial-place

of the poet Gray. It was here that he took his hints chiefly for his Elegy. It is a spot of unequalled beauty, — approached only by foot-paths, — stands in a crescent of groves in the grounds of Mr. Penn, a descendant of William Penn, who has erected a statue to Gray, in another part of his grounds. The yew trees still shade the graves, "in many a mouldering heap," and the ivy still literally covers the little, but singularly beautiful church. I heard service in the church; the music was fine, and the sermon dull and sensible. The congregation was almost entirely of rustics, and it required a poet indeed to imagine that any "inglorious Milton," or "village Hampden," were amongst them. They were the most wooden-headed looking persons I have ever seen. A rural tablet, outside the church, tells that Gray is buried in the tomb hard by, with his mother. I looked in vain for any other distinguished name both in the church and church-yard. Every image, except the "elms," recorded or alluded to in the Elegy, may be traced in this spot. A bell surmounts the tower. The church and grounds are included in the farm of Mr. Penn, and the lowing herds feed on the very borders of the "yard." The "ploughman," and the "owl," are at home in the fields, — dark woods are to be seen on all sides, and the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" beneath many a heaving turf, in this little home of the dead, covered with deep green moss. If I had seen nothing more, this day's pilgrimage is worth a journey to

England. After lingering around this lovely spot, until the shades of evening began to close in, I took a private way through long fields of beans in blossom, and wheat, oats, and barley, back to the station, and returned to the house of my hospitable friend at Stoke Newington.

17*th.* Went to Prescott, to see Mr. Nuttall at Nutgrove. Found him beautifully situated on his estates, and pleased to see me. Went over his grounds, and saw his tenantry, who are mostly old men who have occupied under his uncle for many years. They are small farmers, occupying from thirty to sixty acres; and the rents seemed to me low, but they pay all taxes, and those are monstrous. For sixty acres of good grass and grain land the net rent to Mr. Nuttall was only £70. In the morning went to Knowesly Park, the seat of Earl Derby, with Mr. Nuttall, — a delightful walk through wheat and bean fields — beans in full bloom. Innumerable private ways are kept open in England, through fields, parks, &c. One might almost travel over the whole country, without setting his foot on a carriage-way. Earl Derby's seat is surrounded by an immense grove of fine oaks, the whole ranged by deer, and covered with hares and other game. His fruits are of the finest varieties, and the gardens of great extent. I tasted the grapes, peaches, and nectarines, all of course protected by glass, but all of fine flavor. His gardener estimated that there were two thousand pine-apples in various stages of growth in the hot-

houses. He has also a fine and very extensive aviary, and many rare quadrupeds. Returned to Mr. Nuttall's, and after dinner visited his orchards and gooseberry plantations. One of the last covered six acres, and every bush seemed crowded with fruit to its greatest capacity. We supposed there were two hundred barrels of fruit nearly fit to be gathered.

July 19th. At twelve o'clock was under way for Boston, in the Cambria steamer. I am so fortunate as to have for a room-mate Dr. Sharp, who accompanied me over.

The passage home was as agreeable as a pleasant companion and fine weather could make it. It was monotonous, but the quickest passage ever made from Europe to America, — being only eleven days and four hours, including twenty hours delay by visiting Halifax. Arrived at my house at nine, after an absence of four months, lacking two days. In all this time, and having travelled at least ten thousand miles, I have not met with the slightest accident, or unpleasant circumstance. I have been everywhere received with the kindest attention, and most liberal hospitality, and not in a single instance have I met with a rude action or an unkind word.

In April, 1846, Mr. Brown was married to Miss Mary Derby Hobbs, daughter of Dr. Ebenezer Hobbs of Waltham; a connection in every way fortunate; securing to himself the society and conversation of an intelligent and sympathizing companion, and to his

younger children that affectionate maternal care of which they stood in need; and increasing his social resources by his adoption into a most amiable and cultivated family circle.

In 1847, Mr. Brown, accompanied by his wife, visited Europe; leaving home on the first day of April, and returning on the first day of September. They remained in London till the early part of June, and then went to Paris, to which a fortnight was given. Another fortnight was spent in an excursion through Belgium and the Rhine country. They then returned to London, where Mr. Brown completed his business engagements; after which a tour was made through Scotland and the north of England, before embarking for home.

In 1849, Mr. and Mrs. Brown again visited Europe, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Hobbs; leaving home on the twenty-first day of March, and returning at the close of August. Their tour comprised London and Paris, the English lake country, parts of Scotland, Germany, and Switzerland. They had proposed to visit Italy also, but this was prevented by an illness of Mr. Brown which detained them three weeks in London.

While in Switzerland, a brief separation of the travelling party took place at Lucerne, Mr. Brown and Dr. Hobbs going over the Brunig Pass, and rejoining their friends at Interlaken; it being deemed unadvisable for the ladies, one of whom was ill, to tempt the fatigue of a mountain excursion. While

at Grindelwald Mr. Brown wrote an account of their journey, to his wife, the greater part of which is here copied.

GRINDELWALD, June 26, Tuesday.

MY DEAR WIFE, — To compensate you as far as I can for the loss of *seeing* with me, the last two days, I will attempt some description of our little journey from Lucerne. We left, as you know, in a row-boat, with our guide Francis, a most intelligent and obliging Swiss, for Alpnach, about nine miles up the lake. Our guide amused us with his shrewd remarks, queer stories, and broken English. He was particularly severe on the priest at Lucerne, who blessed the boat that went out on Sunday with music — you recollect it — that is, blessed it for that trip, for which Francis says he had money. Well, the boat had just left the wharf when one of the men went into the engine-room for something, when the engineer let go the engine and killed him! Now, Francis says the priest has to say a long list of prayers gratis for the poor boatman whom his blessing did not save.

The shores of the lake are pretty on this side, but without the grandeur of the Altorf trip which we made on Saturday. We called at the inn at Alpnach, and took some bread, honey, and wine, whilst Francis hired a carriage to take us to Lungern, fifteen miles, where we dined pretty well. We then took horses for the Brunig Pass, the Bernese

Oberland and Meyringen. In passing from Alpnach to Lungern we saw the opening made into the lake by which a large portion of its waters were drawn off, and its beauty spoiled. The road was so precipitous we were obliged to walk several miles, and through quite a smart shower. The passage from Lungern to Meyringen was very grand and varied, giving us at different times views of the valley of the Aar, Lake Lucerne, and the Brunig mountains. On the whole, we thought it inferior to the ride up the Righi, but it was at times frightfully grand. Parts of it were hard and difficult for the traveller, and we were obliged to walk a good deal. In looking over the books at the stopping-places, we saw but few ladies' names; our guide says the journey should only be made by ladies in chairs. We had a nice supper of tea, strawberries and cream! and went early to bed, intending to be off at six in the morning. I took a bath, as the guide said it would take the tired out of us. Slept well, and in the morning went down to the dining-room, where the usual stores of carved wooden ware were offered. I bought none, but I found a very nice herbarium at ten francs, and another at three francs, both of which I secured for you. Agreeably to our orders, every thing was ready at six to start — we had before taken some coffee, eggs and strawberries, — and we took to our horses, and after passing a mile or more out of the straggling village, began to rise on the great Scheideck, by the side of the Wetterhorn, Wellhorn, the

Black Forest, and the upper and lower Grindelwald glacier. We had not rode above a mile, when our attention was fixed by the grandeur of the scene around us. The valley of the Aar, the village of Meyringen, and the thousand little waterfalls that come down like silver threads, give to the scene a surpassing beauty. We now left our horses, and took a road for a mile or so impracticable for them, and went to the fall of the Reichenbach, one of rare beauty. We saw it from a small house built to protect observers from the spray. The sun shone its brightest, and I think I never witnessed a more truly beautiful spectacle, a complete rainbow formed in the spray, and really within our reach. This fall is about one hundred feet high, but the river falls in its course two thousand, and we followed it to its source in the Black Forest glacier, and the neighboring Alpine snows. After leaving the fall, the way became very steep, and on the edge of the mountain, the shelf which served for a road, being for a great distance hardly more than three feet in width. We now passed on through scenes of majestic grandeur, which I cannot attempt to describe. Waterfalls on all sides, rushing streams and deafening rapids, mountains far above the clouds, capped with snow, and distant glaciers, all presenting new views at every angle of the path. The chalets of the shepherds were scattered through the valleys, and numerous flocks of goats and cattle, tinkling their bells, served to beautify a scene oppressive by its solemn majesty.

At first we would call each other's attention to the more striking scenes, but we soon neglected this, each being absorbed in his own reflections. I felt something of the confused feeling that I do when visiting a gallery of fine paintings without time to examine. The scene shifted so fast that an object that I could have stood before and wondered at for days had no time to make a distinct impression. As we began to descend, we passed the little hamlet of Rosenlaui, where there is a fine waterfall, and sulphur bath. We now came in full view of the upper Grindelwald glacier, stretched out into the valley before us. The bad state of the road compelled us to leave our horses for nearly two hours, and walk over morasses and steep banks. At about ten we reached the borders of the glacier, and in company with a peasant who cut steps for us in the ice, went on to it. It is truly an astonishing spectacle. Full of frightful crevices, some of them of great depth, of the most solid and transparent ice, that bids defiance to sun and rain, rising to an unknown height, and spreading to an almost unknown extent, the glacier is still surrounded to within a few feet of its margin with delicate flowers and fruit-trees, — the apple, pear, cherry, &c. in full fruit, within five minutes walk of the lower Grindelwald. We reached our inn tired and hungry, feelings that we had forgotten until then in the excitement of the scenes we were passing through. We enjoyed our dinner with the nice Alpine strawberries, and after a

short siesta, I am writing these recollections. Before finishing, I must tell you that our window, literally *au premier*, looks out on the immense Wetterhorn, rising like a great gothic ruin some eight thousand feet on my left, — the lower Grindelwald with its silver peak, the Schreckhorn covered with snow of dazzling whiteness, sometimes enveloped in clouds, and then as they melt away seeming to rest on the cerulean blue behind, far up in the heavens, more than thirteen thousand feet from me, but as distinct as the glaciers at my feet; this makes the centre and the background. On the right the Eigher, or Giant, a rude mass of brown stone, naked, except where a few lines of snow relieve his savage grandeur, rises to an immense height, and seems to support his fair and brilliant neighbor the Jungfrau. Imagine all this within twenty minutes walk, (I mean of course their bases,) and I think you will agree with me that such a scene is not witnessed more than once in any life.

Some further account of this tour is contained in a letter from Paris, addressed to his eldest daughter, a portion of which is here given.

Paris, May 28, 1849.

My dear Mary, — Your mother has given such full accounts of our travels in her letters, that I cannot add much that will interest you. I must expect that almost all the value my letter can have to you, will be in the fact that it is mine. Since I

saw you, as you know, I have been sick for a long time, and when I have been well my business has been so pressing that I have had but little time to write letters. I hope now to be a better correspondent. We have been in Paris now a week, and have seen many of its curiosities. Few of them of course were new to your mother or me, but they are so beautiful that they very well bear seeing twice. Mr. and Mrs. Bossange, and other of our friends, have been very polite to us, and contributed very much to make our journey pleasant. We live in fine rooms overlooking the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries and the palace of the king (when there is a king.) This garden, or rather park,—for it is as thickly covered, for the most part, with trees as our grounds around the pond,—is filled every fine day with thousands of people who sit there and read and smoke or sew according to their various tastes. Children of all ages, from a month old to eighty years, come there for fine air and various games. In the street, between our rooms and this garden, a thousand interesting scenes are constantly passing. Now a troop of horse, with flourish of trumpets, go clattering over the pavements, whilst near them busy chiffoniers are collecting from the refuse of the streets their foul and scanty fare. Then a regiment of infantry, with fine music, pass before us on their way to the *Place du Carrousel*, or to the *Champ de Mars*. Omnibuses, carriages, crowds of gentlemen and ladies, beggars, grisettes, vagabond

looking soldiers in undress, market-women with their whole wealth on their head, or *en crochet*, on their backs, vary and fill up the always shifting and never tiresome scene.

Every thing here is scenic,—picturesque. The old houses, five or six stories high, with their Norman capped windows and turreted chimneys, and standing so near each other that in many streets you cannot drive a chaise between them. The lamp-posts are covered with allegorical emblems, and surmounted in many instances with elaborately carved statues. At every turn, you meet with palaces or churches or monuments, some of them dating before the Christian Era, and others the work of the Emperor Napoleon, on which the labors of the most celebrated men have been bestowed, and the wealth of nations compelled by conquests to contribute to these works as well as to the resources of the kingdom of France. Even the trees are trimmed to represent Gothic arches and other architectural forms. You may walk for miles under the shade of elms and beeches shaped in this manner, and so perfectly done, that you doubt whether you are not in the solemn aisle of some great cathedral. In Pére le Chaise, with the nightingales for choristers, and the service for the dead going on in the midst, the deception is complete.

We visited this celebrated cemetery last Sunday after hearing high mass at the cathedral church of Notre Dame. It is filled, even crowded, with monuments; some of them in fine taste and of exquisite

workmanship. But it wants the natural beauties which will always give Mount Auburn a beautiful preëminence over all other burial-places. It is not well kept either, and has many monuments that give evidence of a perverted taste, which should never have been admitted. Near the gate where you enter, is the monument of the celebrated lovers and more celebrated scholars, Abelard and Heloise; the term scholar only applies to the first, except what his fame has reflected on his pupil. The monument, removed from a church, destroyed I believe in some of the commotions of the first French Revolution, is the most interesting one in the grounds, both for its architectural ornament and historical associations. But as a whole the cemetery is full of interest, for it contains a large portion of the great men of the nation — scholars, civilians, marshals, &c., &c.; and it commands from its high grounds the finest view of Paris and the surrounding country that can be had anywhere. You will see that I have referred to several things in this letter, that you will wish to consult books in order to understand. The great Cyclopædia in the library will help you in any difficulty. You are now enjoying your (too ?) long vacation. You must not neglect to read regularly from some good book which Mr. Emerson will recommend—or let the thimble I gave you rust for want of use.

Your affectionate father,

JAMES BROWN.

Miss M. A. E. Brown.

In the summer of 1852, Mr. Brown again visited Europe, accompanied by his second son, Mr. Edward Wyeth Brown. They sailed from Boston in the packet-ship Daniel Webster, on the seventh day of July, and were absent exactly twelve weeks. A large portion of this time was spent in London and Paris, and devoted to business engagements; but a rapid glance was given to some of the most interesting points in England and Scotland.

The next summer, Mr. Brown made his fifth and last voyage to Europe. He was accompanied by his wife, his eldest daughter, and Miss Eliza Hobbs, a sister of Mrs. Brown. They left home on the thirteenth of April, and returned early in September. They saw Paris, Switzerland, the Rhine country, and the English and Scotch lakes; for the sake of the young ladies, who had never been in Europe before, going over ground already somewhat familiar to Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Mr. Brown's business arrangements kept him in London a considerable time; during which period the ladies of the party lived in the immediate neighborhood, at such distance as to permit Mr. Brown to join them after his daily work was over. During the hours that he was busy in London, they made short excursions to the interesting spots in the vicinity of the great metropolis, such as Hampton Court, Kew, Finchley, Hammersmith, and Norwood. One pleasant week was passed at Richmond; and the long, silvery twilights of the early English summer were spent in

rowing up and down the Thames, a river so rich in natural beauty, and so crowded with historical associations.

Having thus presented a continuous narrative of Mr. Brown's successive visits to Europe, as a sort of distinct chapter in his experience, we now go back a few years, and resume our sketch of his domestic and business life at home.

As Mr. Brown's partnership with Mr. Little was the crown and consummation of his business career, so the building of his house, and the establishment of his family, at Watertown, in 1840, was an event of similar moment in his domestic and private life. The feeling of attachment which gathers round the spot in which we dwell, depends much upon the fact whether we look upon it as a permanent, or only a temporary, home. A man will often live long in a house, his children will grow up around him in it, and yet his affections will never take deep root there, because he is looking forward to something better. His imagination, his hopes, his thoughts, are dwelling upon some point not yet reached. He says to himself that at some future period, when his means are greater or his occupations less, he will rear a house which shall be and have all that he desires, — which shall realize his visions of a home, where he shall be content to rest. It often happens that the dream never comes to pass — that year after year slips by, and the final summons reaches him in the midst of fruitless wishes and hopes post-

poned. But it is not always so. The airy mansion is sometimes fixed upon the firm earth, and the husband and the father gathers his household round him in a home from which his feet shall wander no more on earth, and where he may permit his affections to strike into the soil, because he means that no hand but that of death shall uproot them.

And this assuredly was Mr. Brown's sentiment in regard to the spot in which he lived during the last fourteen years of his life. He had previously resided, as the head of a family, in four different houses; two in Cambridge, one in West Cambridge, and one in Boston; but when he had settled himself in this home, he felt that he had made the last of his earthly removals; that here he had found his haven of rest in which his anchor was dropped and his sail furled. The house itself is a wooden structure, of moderate size, in its exterior making no great architectural pretensions, and in its situation happily blending with the objects and scenery in its immediate vicinity. It stands in Watertown, near the line which divides it from West Cambridge, to the south of Wellington Hill, just where the lower spurs of this beautiful elevation subside, by gentle gradations, into the broad plain which clasps the waters of Fresh Pond with its belt of verdure. It faces nearly east. A lawn, of about an acre in extent, lies between it and the road. To the north — between Wellington

Hill and the house — but only a few feet distant from the latter — is a thick grove of trees, mostly elms and maples — the natural growth of the soil. They overshadow, and with their thick-woven canopy of leaves, keep dark, amid the blaze of noon, a steep gorge, or chasm, at the bottom of which runs a clear stream, mingling its liquid voice with the whisper of the overhanging trees. The rocky bed, along which the waters trip and sing, has been artificially enlarged, and exotic trees have been planted among those of native growth; but the essential character of the spot has not been changed by the hand of improvement. The brook is near enough to the house to be heard in the pauses of speech during the stillness of a summer's day, but not near enough to be obtrusive in its claims. In the dust and drought of August, it mocks the ear with a delusive sound of rain; and at all times it falls upon the sense like an audible pulse of nature, ever in movement and yet ever the same.

This stream passes under the road which runs in front of the house and reappears in a broader and gentler form upon the other side. Here it flows, in shape like a bended bow, through an ample meadow of the richest verdure, which, in its soft slopes and in the marks of finished cultivation which it presents, recalls some of the characteristic features of English scenery. To the left, the view is closed in by the hills of Medford; and directly in front, at the distance of about three miles, rises the

rounded elevation upon which the flaring red brick of Tufts's College certainly sheds no grace. The white houses and spires of Medford, West Cambridge, and Somerville, stand clearly shown in the bright and smokeless air; but Boston is hidden by the rising ground on the right. Directly in front, a broad, green plain is unrolled to the eye — a waveless sea of verdure — richly cultivated, and thickly sprinkled with fruit-bearing and ornamental trees.

The environs of Boston, beautiful as they are, can show few scenes more beautiful than the site of Mr. Brown's house. It stands in what may be called the border land between the region of agriculture and the region of horticulture, strictly speaking. On the one side, we see trim gardens, ornamented pleasure grounds, smooth-shaven lawns, fair houses, and all the indications of that wealth which is drawn from the city and expended in the gratification of rural tastes; and on the other are plain farm-houses and farms, which have come down from father to son, orchards, pastures, and grain fields — a district not yet whirled into the vortex of the metropolis, where land is still sold by the acre and not by the foot, and where old manners and primitive habits are yet found. Thus, the grace of nature and the grace of art are shed over the landscape. And it has the further advantage of being thickly wooded with trees, some of native growth and some planted by the hand of man. In early summer, when the

grass is bright and fresh, and the foliage wears its hue of "glad, light green," — when the vault of heaven rings and overflows with the joyous notes of the bobolink and the liquid warble of the wood-thrush — when the breeze seems to caress the trees that bend to its touch, and the flying clouds dapple the broad plain with their shadows — the whole scene is stamped with rich and glowing beauty; not grand, not strictly picturesque, — but made up of those soft and gentle elements that are equally fitted to refresh a wearied spirit and soothe a saddened heart.

When fairly settled in his new home, Mr. Brown began to indulge himself in the gratification of two tastes, which had previously been kept somewhat restrained by the circumstances of his life; and these were his love of land and his love of books. Born with a love of nature, and having a strong relish for agricultural pursuits, his purchases of land kept steady pace with the increase of his substance. One small farm after another was gradually added to his estate; until at his death he was the owner of about one hundred and forty acres[1] in the vicinity of his residence. This homestead farm, if it may be so called, stretched along the slopes and over the upland of Wellington Hill—so well known for the superb view which it commands. It com-

[1] Besides these, he owned a parcel of land, of about eleven acres, on the banks of Fresh Pond, and several lots and houses in Cambridge.

prised wood land, arable land, and pasture land. Some of it was what farmers call rough, and presented rather a discouraging aspect to an unprofessional eye; but much of it was fertile, and some of it was well situated for building lots. Even the most unfavorable portions were of a kind to invite and reward the application of skill and capital.

In the cultivation of his land, Mr. Brown found a constant occupation and interest during the latter years of his life. If as a mere pecuniary investment, he might have employed his capital better, he could not have disposed of it in a way to yield larger returns of happiness and health. His agricultural occupations supplied him with regular and attractive employment during the hours he rescued from business, so that no moment ever hung heavy upon his hands. He had gained some practical knowledge of farming in his boyhood, which he now revived; and he also made himself acquainted with the best methods which experience and observation had recorded in print. His farm was not one of those showy, model establishments, which require a fortune to carry it on; nor was it conducted exactly as it would have been done by a sharp New England farmer, who looked at nothing but the main chance. It was managed in a liberal spirit; more with reference to prospective benefit than present gain; but there was no extravagant expenditure, no whimsical outlay, no fantastic indulgence of unprofitable tastes.

Among other things, he took pains to provide himself with specimens of the best cattle that could be procured, both of foreign and domestic breed; and in these he took great delight. His kindly nature led him to become attached to every living thing that was put under his charge, and his four-footed dependants shared in this feeling. His Alderneys and Durhams were objects of constant and growing interest to him. Their arrival was impatiently waited and eagerly welcomed; he made them almost daily visits, to examine their condition and watch their progress; he took pleasure in showing them to his friends, and in helping ignorant eyes to discern their peculiar points of excellence. The expression of his countenance, as he looked upon them, seemed to be asking them if they were contented in their new home, and if he could do any more than he had already done to make them comfortable.

The last few years of Mr. Brown's life do not present much for his biographer to record. His visits to Europe, and occasional journeys to other parts of our own country, were the only interruptions to the uniform channel in which his days glided by. Happy, it has been said, is the nation whose history is dull; happy, it may be added, is the man whose life is uneventful. Certainly the lot of humanity can hardly permit one to be more happy than was Mr. Brown during the last ten years of his sojourn upon earth. His business was, of course,

his primal and paramount interest; it was the mainspring of his mind, calling forth all its energies, and allowing no faculty to gather rust by inaction. But while his business occupied, it never absorbed or exhausted, him; it never left him in such a state of prostration as to require the sting of some sharp excitement to rouse his languid spirit. He did not bring back to his home a brain so worn out by long-continued toil as to be incapable of any thing but absolute repose. His days were wisely divided and happily ordered. He paid to duty its just tribute, but from the hours of every day something was reserved for the domestic affections, something for the claims of health, something for the cultivation of the mind, something for the gratification of pure and elevating tastes. His life turned upon two poles; one was his place of business, and the other was his home, his library, and his farm — and it turned harmoniously, because it was proportionably distributed between the two. And this double interest contributed to the health of both body and mind. The management of his farm, the overseeing of his laborers, the interest he took in his cattle and the growth of his crops, gave him an object for long walks and drives, and prevented his falling into those habits of bodily inaction which are so apt to creep over men in our country after middle life. And the hours not devoted to out-of-door employments were happily filled up by his books and the society of his family and friends. Thus, without

hurry, without feverish excitement — and equally without apathy and inaction — his life glided by, passing from resort to retirement, as the stream steals from sunshine to shade. His business was securely prosperous, an affectionate family was growing up around him, he was rich in friends, his influence in the community was increasing, his past was without reproach, and no cloud seemed to rest upon his future.

Mr. Brown was — as the Apostle would have a bishop to be — "a lover of hospitality and a lover of good men." His sympathies were generous and comprehensive, but by no means without discrimination and preference. He valued men for their personal qualities, and not for their accidental advantages; and his simple self-respect inspired a natural independence of spirit, which had nothing to assume and nothing to suppress. He had many friends among the favored classes — among those who had drawn prizes in the lottery of life — who were in the enjoyment of wealth, intellectual superiority, social distinction, wide-spread influence — but these friendships did not in the least cool his heart towards those who had none of these things to commend them, but who had earned his confidence and won his affection by their personal worth, their substantial services, or their attachment to him. He was of a truly catholic spirit; and though holding decided opinions upon the controverted points of the day, he did not limit his regards to those who

thought as he did, or insist that his friends should be also his partisans. Under his benignant and reconciling influence, men of discordant views met together and learned from his example lessons of charity and tolerance. His guests will ever recall with melancholy pleasure the hours they spent under his roof. His smile of welcome, his outstretched hand of greeting, will live forever in their memories. Had an artist sought an embodied type of the spirit of hospitality, he might have found it in him, as he stood at his door to receive a friend that he loved. When presiding over his generous but never ostentatious board, his cordial manner and beaming countenance diffused around him an atmosphere of happiness which "outdid the meats, outdid the frolic wine." The sunshine of his spirit thawed all the icy chains of coldness and reserve; and nowhere did men appear to better advantage — nowhere did they bring forth more of their intellectual resources — than at the table of a man who used no other art of drawing out than the magic of a warm heart and a genial nature.

Mr. Brown's love of books was a native taste, like his love of nature and of rural pursuits; and as soon as his means permitted, he began to indulge himself in the purchase of them. This was especially the case after he had removed to Watertown, and felt himself settled for life. So long as a man is a wanderer upon the earth, he will hardly buy books on a large scale; for a lover of books does

not like to have them exposed to the mischances of conveyance from one place to another. Scholars are often discontented with the smallness of their libraries; but they will find much comfort therein when they wish to move them. Mr. Brown's business relations gave him peculiar facilities in the selection of his library; and from his large purchases for the public he generally reserved some choice specimens for his own collection. Year by year, this collection increased, and at his death it numbered about twenty-five hundred volumes. This statement of its amount, however, gives a very imperfect notion of its value; for it had been slowly gathered together with great judgment and taste, and it comprised many costly and many rare works. It was confined, with few exceptions, to the English language; and it may be described, in one word, by saying that it contained the best editions of the best books. All the great lights of English literature were here, as well as the best products of our own; and in a form and garb worthy of their claims. Mr. Brown was a little touched with that disease of bibliomania of which Dr. Dibdin writes in a vein of such pleasant exaggeration. He liked tall copies, fine impressions, ample margins; and was nice and fastidious in binding. Mingled with those works, the value of which is as universally recognized as that of gold and silver, were many chosen for their rarity; which the common reader would pass by without heeding, but which would make the eyes of a bibliomaniac to

sparkle with joy, and his hands to tremble with eager longing.

The library contained some very valuable works in Natural History, especially Ornithology, always a favorite pursuit with Mr. Brown. Among these were Cuvier's Histoire Naturelle, Hardwicke's Indian Zoölogy, Lambert's "Genus Pinus," Poitéau's Pomologie Française, Gray's Genera of Birds, and the magnificent publications of Gould on Ornithology, in sixteen folio volumes. These were all devised by him to the Boston Society of Natural History. There were also fine copies of Wilson, and of the quarto Audubon; a complete set of Dr. Dibdin's works, and of the bibliographical productions of Sir Egerton Brydges; a copy of Neale's Views of English Seats; a fine set of the Publications of the Percy Society; Scott's editions of Dryden and Swift; the Works of Ritson; Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica; Lodge's Portraits; and Renouard's Works on the early printers, Aldus and Stephanus.

Mr. Brown was a warm admirer of the genius of Burns, and read with the liveliest interest every thing connected with his life and fortunes. He made it a point to visit every spot that was in any way associated with his name, and we have seen with what animated pleasure he records his meeting with the poet's sons. His collection of the editions of Burns's poems, and of works illustrating his life and genius, could not, to say the least, be paralleled by any other single library in this country. He

had every edition, of any note and value, which had appeared in England or Scotland; including that of Kilmarnock, in 1786, in which this splendid luminary of song first broke upon the admiring gaze of his countrymen, and that of Edinburgh, in 1787. He had the copy of Currie's first edition, which had belonged to Clarinda, (Mrs. McLehose,) with whom the poet, under the name of Sylvander, carried on a correspondence, in a style of extravagant, falsetto sentiment, hardly worthy of the honors of publication, which it has recently attained. Another copy of Currie in his possession is profusely illustrated with autographs, views of places, and portraits of persons mentioned in Burns's letters and poems — making a work of great interest to every admirer of the poet's genius, the materials of which must have been collected with a patient assiduity which nothing but hearty admiration could have inspired.

Mr. Brown's library was not an assemblage of books ranged in handsome cases to please the eye, — to be looked at merely, and not handled, — but it was for daily use. To his singularly truthful nature, it would have seemed a little disingenuous to buy books which he never meant to read; and it is not too much to say, that there was not a volume in his library with the contents of which he was not more or less acquainted. His day was not so wholly given to his business, his farm, his family, and his friends, as not to leave some time for reading; and

his residence in the country, while it cut him off from some social privileges and from some attractive forms of amusement, left him long, unbroken hours, especially in the winter season, for this occupation, such as the hurry of a city life rarely affords.

Such was Mr. Brown's life at the age of fifty-four; such were his sources of usefulness and of happiness. The bounty of Providence had been showered upon him with a most liberal hand; and it was acknowledged with a proportionably grateful spirit. Possessed of an ample fortune, rich in friends, happy in his domestic relations, occupied but not absorbed by his business, enjoying a daily increasing confidence and respect — he had won, with no exhausting struggle, all the best prizes of life. And he had known enough of privation and sacrifice to enjoy with keen yet temperate relish the blessings of his lot. The flavor of prosperity was heightened by the remembrance of difficulties subdued and obstacles overcome. The delight he took in aiding others was enhanced by his recollection of a period when he was in a condition to receive but not to bestow favors. He had the happiness, in the closing years of his life, to see his two eldest sons established in business, and settled in homes of their own; and the birth of a grandchild, while it served to remind him of the lapse of time, by the beginning of a new generation, touched his heart with the sense of that new relation, which seems to have

the sweetness and tenderness of the parental tie, without its anxiety and responsibility.

And to his friends — even those who knew him most intimately and saw him most frequently — there seemed to be no reason why this happy, useful, and generous life should not be prolonged to a good old age. No preparatory stroke of warning was sounded, to give them note of the coming separation. His frame and face betokened more than ordinary constitutional vigor, and were those of a man in whom the tide of life had not begun to turn. The casual stranger would have seen in him the promise of that full measure of three score and ten years which is allotted to man. But it was not so ordained; and he was called from an earthly to a heavenly home, in the prime of life, and in the fulness of his powers — taken away from plans unripened, and unblown hopes.

Some three or four years before his death, he had suffered from an attack of diabetes; a disease which so affects the constitution, that the subject of it is constantly exposed to fatal effects from causes which but slightly disturb the system when in health. This illness was not known to his most intimate friends, or even to all the members of his family; but he took medical advice upon his case, both here and in Europe, and the remedies prescribed for him gave him material relief, but, as it appeared, did not effect an entire cure.

About a year before his death, on a slippery day,

he fell at the railroad station, and slid down several steps, sustaining some heavy bruises. This accident brought on a recurrence of his former illness, and he was detained at home a few days; but he did not think it of sufficient importance to take medical advice.

In January, 1855, a large carbuncle broke out upon him, just below the shoulder-blade, which much reduced his strength, and was very slow in healing; and the physician[1] who attended him found his former disease unabated. He was kept at home several weeks by this illness, and compelled to postpone the journey to Washington which he was accustomed to take in the winter season. But in time he recovered; his strength and flesh returned; he seemed to have gained his usual health; and he felt himself well enough to go to Washington, where he was called by a matter of business.

Upon his return home, he was attacked by a sharp recurrence of his old disease. Dr. Hodgdon was called to him on Saturday, March 3, and found him in much suffering. The fatigue of his journey had probably irritated those parts of the system which had been injured by the fall of the previous year, and much inflammation was the result.

Leeches were applied, and other means tried, but they gave only temporary relief. Tuesday night and Wednesday were periods of great suffering. On

[1] Dr. Hodgdon, of West Cambridge.

Thursday, he was not in great pain, but his strength was fast declining. On Friday, his brain began to be affected by his disease; and during that night he was in a state of high fever, and slightly delirious. On Saturday, he became insensible, sank rapidly through the day, and breathed his last at about five in the evening.

His illness had been so short, that the news of his death fell with startling surprise upon the community; and the expressions which it called forth were marked with the sense of an unexpected, as well as a great loss. His funeral took place on Tuesday, March 13, and the number and character of those who were present bore touching testimony to the wide circle of affection, esteem, and confidence which had gathered round his life.

The foregoing brief sketch comprises a delineation of Mr. Brown's leading traits of character, and of those mental and moral qualities to which his success in life was due, and by which he laid up such treasures in the hearts of his friends. An obituary notice, written by the author of this biography, appeared in the Boston Daily Advertiser of March 20. It was prepared under the fresh sense of a great personal loss, and bears obvious marks of the feeling from which it flowed; but the author, looking at it after an interval of more than a year, sees in it no extravagance or overstatement, but only a just tribute to a strong, pure, noble, and affection-

ate nature. It is here reproduced in its original form. The writer's eyes grow dim at the pictures and memories which it recalls; but mingled with the sense of an ever-present loss is a feeling of gratitude that he has been permitted to lay an offering upon the grave of his friend which may help to keep his memory green in the hearts of those who knew him, and justify their love to those who knew him not.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

FROM THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER OF MARCH 20, 1855

OBITUARY NOTICE.

When a man like the late Mr. James Brown dies, it is due to the esteem and affection with which he was regarded by his friends, that his eminent worth should be set forth with somewhat more of fulness and distinctness than belongs to most men whose lives were so private as his. Few men not clothed with official trusts — not set in conspicuous stations — whose way of life was so far removed from the glare of public applause — could have left, by their death, a wider chasm in our community, or will be more lovingly remembered and more tenderly mourned. And the love and honor which he enjoyed while living, and which have followed him to his grave and beyond his grave, were fairly earned by a rare combination of fine and high qualities.

At the close of a man's life, we naturally and instinctively first consider the place which he held in the profession, or employment, to which the strength of his days was given. He who fails in the calling

of his choice must needs decline in our regards, unless such failure be made up by the display of uncommon virtues or capacities outside of it. Mr. Brown was a publisher and bookseller, and, as such, eminently successful. The position which he held in his profession at the time of his death, and the wide influence he exerted, would alone have made him a marked man. His whole career was honorable to him, and encouraging to those who start as he did. He was born in Acton, about the beginning of the present century, of a virtuous but poor household; and his childhood was passed under influences favorable to the growth of the character, but not to the cultivation of the mind. His book education was not beyond that which is the common heritage of every New England boy, but he was well trained in the school of circumstances. He began life with a vigorous constitution, a resolute will, a cheerful spirit, and an affectionate heart. His time, up to the dawn of manhood, was passed in modest toils, which earned for him no more than a decent subsistence. And here it may be remarked, that, to his intimate friends, the feeling with which Mr. Brown looked back upon these days of struggle and privation, formed an interesting trait in his character. He recalled them with a modest pride, mixed with a certain grateful tenderness. He never attempted to conceal any event in his life, and yet he was free from the subtle vanity which delights to make proclamation of difficulties subdued

and disadvantages overcome. His boyhood was a happy period, after all; especially, linked as it was by ties of such "natural piety" to the prosperity of his maturer years.

While yet quite young, and residing in Cambridge, he was invited by the late Mr. William Hilliard to enter his service, as salesman and assistant generally. He once expressed to the writer of this notice his surprise and pleasure at this proposition, made to him at an accidental meeting in the street, and remarked upon his utter ignorance of the duties he was called upon to discharge. But he bent his powers to the task committed to him, and soon learned his work; and from this point his progress in business was rapid and uniform. He soon began to be known as a man diligent in his calling, and sagacious and successful in his enterprises; and a continually widening sphere of action was opened to him. He early took his place as a man of influence and consideration in the trade, so called, inviting and rewarding the largest confidence. For many years past, he has been a member of the widely-known bookselling and publishing firm of Little, Brown and Company; and it is doing no injustice to any living man to say, that much of the position held and power wielded by this eminent house was due to his personal qualities. And as a man of business merely, his endowments and accomplishments were of a high order. He was sagacious, liberal, penetrating, and wise; he saw far, and he

saw truly; he was always prompt, and never in a hurry; his speculations and enterprises were always well timed and resolutely pursued. His knowledge of men was instinctive, and he rarely or never made a mistake in his estimate of them. He perfectly understood his own interests, and stoutly maintained them, and no man could either overreach or overbear him. And then he was probity itself. He abhorred any thing mean, or shuffling, or equivocating. What he said, he stood by; and everybody who knew any thing about him knew this, so that no word of his ever fell to the ground. The foundations of his nature were laid in frankness and simplicity, and these flowed out into his business. The stranger, who saw his open, cordial countenance for the first time, felt that he was in the presence of an honest man, and that the air of truth breathed from him. An Arab in the desert would have trusted such a face with uncounted diamonds.

His great success in business was mainly owing to his instinctive and unerring judgment. Few men who have published so many books have made so few mistakes. He understood the literary wants of the country, and was ready with the right work at the right time. And it was the same in the choice of the extensive stock which he kept on hand for sale. He had a considerable amount of bibliographical knowledge, which was turned to good practical account in this way. He has more than once re-

turned from Europe with a very large collection, over which a desponding man might well shake his head; but the books never cumbered his shelves long. He would walk through the sales-rooms of London or Paris, and tell at a glance what would suit the literary meridian of home. All book-buyers and book-collectors in this neighborhood — and to our honor be it said they are numerous — will find his loss irreparable. He never forgot or neglected a commission, however trifling; and if a rare or curious work were wanted, he would be sure to find it if it were anywhere to be found.

His taste was as good as his judgment was sound. He was just enough touched with the bibliomania of which Dr. Dibdin so pleasantly writes, to make book buying and book collecting a labor of love. He had a quick eye for tall copies, fine bindings, wide margins, and fair type; and this good taste stamped itself upon his business. He had a just pride in the external aspect of the books which he published; and the great improvement which has taken place within the last twenty years in New England, in the style and appearance of books, is due to him more than to any other man.

The house to which he belonged, as is well known, has been for many years largely engaged in the publication and sale of law books; a branch of their business to the success of which Mr. Brown essentially contributed. He had the same sagacious comprehension of what was wanted in this depart-

ment as in that of miscellaneous literature. He saw that in this class of books, as in others, the true rule of success was moderate profits upon large sales; and thus, while his law books were gotten up in better style than the profession had been accustomed to, while his scale of remuneration to authors and editors was more liberal than had been before known, his prices were lower, a far wider range of sale was secured, and the highest anticipations of success were met.

The whole community was a gainer, directly and indirectly, by the enterprising and liberal spirit in which Mr. Brown conducted his business, by the energies which he wielded, and the direction in which they were moved. He made good books more abundant and more accessible, and thus created and diffused a taste for them, which is in itself a substantial service to the public. He also helped to elevate the growing profession of authorship; not only by his generous way of dealing with writers, but by his courteous and considerate bearing towards them personally. He was not only just and prompt, but liberal and friendly. He never wounded the feelings of the most sensitive among them by even a thoughtless word.

He made more than one visit to Europe, in the way of his business; and there left the most favorable impression upon all who met him. His credit there, in the technical sense of the term, was unlimited; and he secured the confidence and esteem of

many persons, whose regard is not lightly won. He was an honorable representative of the country, and any American abroad might have pointed to him with pride as a specimen of what might be done and gained among us by a man's unaided energies. Into whatever society he was thrown, he maintained the same simple self-respect, and the same modest manliness of manner which marked him at home. His bearing was ever that of a true man and a well-bred gentleman ; never claiming more than was due to him, never yielding any thing of what was due to him.

All that has thus far been said of Mr. Brown might be true, without his having been so loved and without his being so mourned. It is no very rare thing for a poor boy in our country to become a prosperous man, to accumulate a large property, and to have a commanding influence in the business world. He might have been a sagacious, a respectable, an estimable man, even a just and a true man, and yet not a lovable man. The liberal scale on which he did business might have been the result of a far-seeing thrift. Even his courteous manner might have been the easy growth of a smooth temperament, the cold and politic varnish of an essentially selfish nature. Men who have fought their way from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to distinction, are apt to retain some marks and scars of the conflict. They are apt to be hard, narrow, restless, and grasping, even if not sordid and unscrupu-

lous. But Mr. Brown's title to the hearts of his friends was founded upon those qualities which lay outside of his calling, and had no other relation to his prosperity than that this enabled him to display them on a larger scale and in a more conspicuous sphere. He was a remarkable instance of a man who had achieved great success without paying the price at which it is usually bought. It seemed hardly possible that one so energetic and strong-minded should have so much sweetness, gentleness, and affectionateness; but it was so. They were as salient and conspicuous traits as were his sagacity, his judgment, his enterprise, and his perseverance. Their charm was the greater, from their contrast with his resolute will and vigorous understanding. Few men had more feminine tenderness and softness than he. These qualities could be heard in the quick changes of his voice, and seen in the ready suffusion of his eye, and in the lights of expression which passed over his countenance, and gave to his features all the beauty of a beautiful soul. His warm affections and cordial sympathies were not clouded by reserve or chilled by self-distrust, but they were ever prompt to reveal themselves. They were deep, and at the same time easily moved. He greeted his familiar friends as if since their last meeting he had found some new cause to love them. It is hardly necessary to say that the life of such a man, blessed as he was with ample means, was marked by a constant suc-

cession of kind and generous acts. His bounty flowed out in all directions, upon every form of desert that came under his observation. He delighted to give, and his benefactions had all the charm and grace of spontaneous impulse. His charities were as natural to him as blossoms to the tree in spring, or fruits in autumn. And his kindness was as thoughtful and considerate as it was hearty.

There was nothing neutral or indifferent in Mr. Brown's feelings or affections. As he had warm sympathies, so he had strong dislikes and antipathies. But these were founded on solid and substantial grounds, and were not the growth of fastidious caprice. And as they were justified to his conscience and his reason, they were always as frankly expressed as were his preferences and his affinities. He had a vehement and intolerant scorn of insincerity, meanness, and treachery; and the strongest expressions that his gentle nature ever indulged in were called forth by manifestations of these qualities. But even here the kindness of his heart interposed; for he contented himself with an energetic word or two, and passed on to more genial subjects. He never dwelt long in the region of dislike and distaste; and when he could not speak well of a man, he ceased to speak of him at all.

A mind, a character, a heart like Mr. Brown's were surely formed to win large measures of respect, esteem, and love. But there was yet another charm in his nature, flowing from the purity and

refinement of his tastes. He was a living refutation of the notion, that there is any thing necessarily coarsening or narrowing in a life devoted to trade. Here was a man born in poverty, reared in privation, the architect of his own fortunes, cut off from opportunities of intellectual cultivation in the forming period of life, displaying, the moment he had the means of indulging them, such tastes as would seem to be the fine growth of the choicest elements and the happiest influences. Pope said of Wycherly that he had the nobleman look; it might have been said of Mr. Brown, that he had the nobleman spirit. No man had a better sense of the true value of wealth, or ever contrived to extract from it a greater amount of happiness. He fixed his home in a region of varied and picturesque beauty, he gradually acquired a large and valuable farm, which he stocked with the choicest cattle and cultivated after the most approved methods of husbandry; he adorned and improved his grounds, and called forth all their capacities of embellishment; and here, in the society of his family, his friends, his books, and in rural employments, he found the purest and most elevating pleasures. And the time which he spent here was no meagre fragment, grudgingly torn from the desk and the counter, but a liberal measure — enough for refreshment, enough for repose, enough to permit the peace and loveliness of nature to fall upon his spirit with soothing and elevating power. He knew his fields, his

cattle, his trees ; he watched the growth of every growing thing upon his farm ; he was the friend and companion, as well as the father, of his children.

His modest nature would have disclaimed the praise of scholarship, and yet he had the tastes and the spirit of a scholar. He was fond of books, and had collected a library very valuable for its extent, containing many rare and curious books, chosen with judgment and discrimination. These were not kept merely to look at, or to show to his educated friends, but they were read, comprehended, and enjoyed. He took especial pleasure in the poetry of Burns, and had gathered a large amount of materials illustrative of the life and genius of that splendid meteor of song. He had a considerable knowledge of natural history, especially ornithology; and his library contained a complete collection of books on this subject.

He had also a poet's love and a poet's comprehension of nature. Every "dingle and dell and bosky bourne" of the wooded and hilly region in which he lived, was familiar to him, under all the aspects of the changing year; in the light, glad green of early spring, in the rich ripeness of summer, in the gold and purple of autumn, and in the winding-sheet of wintry snow. His powers of observation were acute and practised. He knew the names and properties of every tree and shrub and flower that grew in his fields. He had no trained

ear for music, but he would stand and listen in rapt attention, and with suffused eyes, to the full-throated and deep-hearted song of the brown thrush, in the early summer. A fine maple, in its autumn red — an apple-tree, with its shower of vernal blossoms — would arrest his steps and call forth expressions of admiration. There was not a latent charm in the broad landscape that spread around his house — there was not a fleeting grace thrown over it by the sunshine, the cloud-shadows, the rippling breezes, the showers of summer — which he had not noted and enjoyed.

No one could be said to know Mr. Brown who had not seen him in his own house. No spot on earth deserved the sacred name of home more than this. Here the sun of hospitality never set. He received his friends as if he were an idler in the land, grateful to any one who would help him to speed the sluggish hours. No shadow of business ever sat upon his brow; but his face glowed with the light of welcome. His greeting — the clasp of his hand — were as cordial as the breezes that blew over his hills. To see him presiding over his hospitable but never ostentatious board, was warming and refreshing to the heart. Under the genial influence of his affectionate and sympathetic presence, the most various natures were brought into unison, and yielded their best tones to swell the general harmony of feeling. Nor had he one set of company manners and another set for home consump-

tion. Towards the members of his own household, his bearing was indulgent, affectionate, and tender. It may be doubted whether his children ever saw a frown upon his brow. No heavier yoke was ever laid upon them than the silken cord of love. To all who stood to him in the relation of service or dependence, he was kindly, considerate, and abounding in good offices. His bounty to the poor was constant, ample, but always secretly bestowed.

It is not to be wondered at that a man such as has been described, should have been very rich in friends. He had a right to be proud of his friendships; and his children have a right to be proud of them, now that he is gone, for they start in life with a large inheritance of transmitted interest. Few men not liberally educated, in the technical sense of the word — not belonging to either of the learned professions — not engaged in intellectual pursuits — have ever had so many friends among the cultivated and educated classes. His list of friends embraced statesmen, scholars, men of science, men of letters — names widely and favorably known — who yielded to him an unconstrained and unbought tribute of regard and affection. They valued him for what he was, not for what he had. They would have been as much repelled by any thing like obsequiousness as by ignorance or coarseness. His relations to them were founded upon a fair interchange of equivalents. No man ever patronized him; no man ever put on an attitude of condescension to-

wards him; his dignity of character and the manly self-respect of his bearing forbade this.

And there was another and an unconscious tribute to Mr. Brown's worth, which should not be forgotten in summing up his merits. His life had been eminently successful; he had acquired a large measure of those things for which most men struggle, and many unavailingly; he had accumulated an ample fortune; he held a commanding influence in the world of business, and enjoyed a high social position — and yet no man grudged him all this. Everybody contemplated his prosperity with satisfaction; and the reason was, that his increase of substance not only did not remove him further from his fellow-men, but brought him into nearer and more intimate relations with them. The more means he had, the more happiness he diffused. His grateful heart repaid the sunshine and the dew of prosperity with a softer green of sympathy and a quicker growth of affection. Before good fortune so gently worn, envy dropt its envenomed arrows, and forgot to feed upon its own heart.

And now this rich, vigorous, and happy life has been brought to a close. In the midst of unripened schemes and unfinished plans, — of enterprises that ran far ahead, and projects of wider sweep and broader range, when, in the course of nature, many active years seemed yet in store for him, — he has been called away from earth. But the spirit which animated his whole life forbids his friends to mingle

any bitterness in the grief which his death has called forth. He was a man of deep and sincere religious feeling, and his heart was penetrated with gratitude to God that he had been permitted to accomplish and enjoy so much. He was well aware of the insidious nature of the disease to which his frame finally yielded, and had long contemplated with a steady gaze the prospect of his departure. He was as resigned to the future as he was grateful for the past. His cup had been early made to run over with blessings, and he felt that he had no right to murmur if it were taken from his lips before the full measure of days had been allotted to him. With gentle submission, he obeyed the summons that called him from an earthly to a heavenly home; and we, on whom the shadow of his departure rests, should mourn him tenderly and serenely, mingling with our grief a sense of gratitude for a life so rounded and finished, so rich in action, so crowned with happiness.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

FROM THE BOSTON ATLAS OF MARCH 13, 1855.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

It is with no ordinary feelings of pain, surprise, and regret, that we announce the death of one of our most esteemed and valued fellow-citizens. James Brown, Esq., of the well-known publishing house of Little, Brown and Company, expired Saturday evening, at his place of residence, at the age of fifty-five. In the full vigor of life, in the midst of his usefulness and the enjoyment of all his mental and physical powers, he has been taken. In the large circle of friends and relatives, of which he was the cherished and honored centre,—in the larger circle of the community, of which he was an active and valued member,—his loss is an irreparable one, and the void his death leaves will long be felt and deeply mourned. Intelligence, enterprise, activity, benevolence, strong, clear common sense and vigorous intellect, were among the striking traits of his character. These traits have been faithfully portrayed by the pen of a sorrowing friend,[1] and leave us little to add

[1] Mr. Rufus Leighton.

besides the expression of our sincerest sympathy with the bereaved, who sorrow thus unexpectedly for the loss of one who but yesterday was among them in the full vigor of ripe and noble manhood, who so well deserved, by his constant ministration to the wants of others, the whole measure of their lavish affection.

DEATH OF MR. JAMES BROWN.

The announcement of the death of James Brown will be read with surprise and sorrow by the very large and widely-extended circle of those who knew him personally, and also by the larger number of others, to whom he was known only by reputation, through his connection with the house of Little, Brown and Company, of which he had been for so many years a member. But a few days since he was among us, in the full possession and enjoyment of all his powers, looking the very embodiment of sound and robust health, and apparently destined to add many years to his mortal life; and he has been suddenly cut off in the full strength and vigor of manhood, having expired on Saturday evening last, at his residence at Wellington Hill, at the age of fifty-five, after a brief and painful illness. It is seldom that we behold so marked an example as this of the familiar household truth, that

"In the midst of life we are in death."

Mr. Brown was possessed of large natural abili-

ties, and was eminently a self-made man. Like almost all of those who in America have arrived at any desirable distinction in any department of life, or exercised any considerable influence, he was born in humble circumstances, and by his own industry, perseverance, and enterprise, worked his way up to that high social position which he had attained at his death, and to that eminence which he occupied in the pursuit he had chosen, as its acknowledged head and most able representative in this country.

Energy, firmness, and promptitude were among his most distinguishing characteristics, and these, united with sterling good sense and a judgment that rarely erred, contributed largely to that success which continually marked his progress in life. In the finer quality of good taste, he was not lacking; and the books issued by the house of which he was a member bear ample testimony to the exercise of his nice discrimination in their production. He understood his business well, and was familiar with all its details; and this may be said of him, not only in a mechanical but in a much higher sense; for he not only had a knowledge of the market value and fitness of the wares in which he dealt, but also an intellectual appreciation of their worth. He was well read in general literature; and the scholars of America, and those who endeavor to encourage and promote a taste for healthy reading, are greatly indebted to him for the publication and wide distribution of numberless works of real excel-

lence; in which manner he has done a service to our literature and education, which it would not be easy to estimate.

Mr. Brown was eminently social in his disposition and habits, and fond of the enjoyments of home; he was deeply attached to his family and friends, and warmly beloved by them in return. His cheerful face — often illuminated with a smile which was sunshine itself to the beholder, and which gave an inexpressible charm to his manner — was the index of his heart, which overflowed with generous emotions. Out of the abundance which he had gathered, he gave liberally; but his many acts of charity were done without ostentation, and are better known to the recipients of his bounty than to the world at large; being written not before the public eye of men, but in that book of heaven wherein the good angel records the noble deeds that are done on earth.

His death has created a large void in the special pursuit in which he was engaged, and to which he gave dignity and character; in the domestic circle, of which he was the joy and the pride; and in society at large, which he adorned by his presence and benefited by his influence. His loss is hardly less a public than a private affliction; and while he will be widely mourned on this side of the Atlantic, the sad intelligence will carry sorrow to the other, where he had many friends, by whom he was respected and loved.

He had a firm reliance and trust in God, and though unconscious for some hours immediately preceding his death, and not previously aware that the event was so near at hand, he was not unprepared to go, and would have yielded his spirit willingly and cheerfully to Him who gave it.

In the many places of the earth where he was loved and cherished, and which he made glad with his presence, he shall be seen no more; but God has taken him home to himself, to adorn the kingdom of heaven, and to rejoice in His love.

"He bore him like a man!
And his great presence filled our eyes with joy,
And made us love and honor him; and though
We may not look upon his generous face,
Nor clasp his friendly hand in ours again, —
Yet shall his memory blossom in our hearts,
And be a fragrance and a beauty there."

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT WEST CAMBRIDGE,

ON SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1855.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE

BY THE REV. S. ABBOTT SMITH.

At the Unitarian Church in West Cambridge, where Mr. Brown worshipped, the Rev. S. Abbott Smith, the pastor, delivered an able and interesting discourse. We are indebted to a friend who was present for the following sketch of the closing remarks : —

Death speaks solemnly, under whatever guise he comes ; but there are some circumstances which may, at times, give additional solemnity to his message.

In every community there are some marked men — men of enterprise, men of weighty character and influence. When such men die, a deeper feeling pervades the community. We never expect such men to die ; and when, at last, the change comes to them, as to the humblest, we stand awed.

God's solemn voice has again sounded among us. Another home has been darkened with sorrow ; another of our number has gone to join the great

company of the departed. We had not expected it for *him*, for health seemed written on his frame; and a gloom overspread every face when the sad tidings came that we should see him no more.

We have lost a generous and faithful friend; our community has been deprived of one of its most enterprising and useful citizens; and the world is poorer by one whole-souled, generous, cultivated man who has left it.

We shall miss him from his place on the Sabbath, which we seldom used to see vacant; we shall miss him from the company of those who meet around the communion-table; we shall miss his voice in our councils, and his hearty shake of the hand in our social gatherings.

But this is not the lesson to you and me. He had been busy in many good works, and now that he is gone there is more for each one of us to do. The work must go on. We must make good his place. Was he generous out of the abundance with which God rewarded his energy? We must be more so, now that he has left us. The same calls for benevolence remain, and they must be met. Was he public-spirited and liberal? The same worthy objects still demand our help. The poor, whom he relieved, will still need assistance; the good objects he promoted still call for support. We must feel our individual responsibility, and pay the best respect to the memory of our friend, by not letting his good purposes fall to the ground.

We must not forget, in our sorrow for our loss, the great lesson God would teach us by it. Let it remind us of our duties, too often disregarded; of the work we have to do in life, and the shortness of the time for accomplishing it.

God has spoken, and may we give heed to his words, by being truer men; so that when our time comes, we may lie down to die as peacefully as our departed friend, and leave on our faces the smile of joy with which the freed spirit gazes first upon the glories of heaven.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

BOSTON NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

PROCEEDINGS.

Boston, October 19, 1855.

Mrs. James Brown,

Dear Madam — At the meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, held on the 3d instant, the munificent bequest of the late lamented Mr. James Brown was announced to the Society. It was voted that a Committee be appointed, to express, however inadequately, in a series of resolutions, the appreciation by the Society of Mr. Brown's worth as a man, and their grateful sense of the liberality which prompted his bequest. Accordingly, a Committee was chosen, consisting of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, Professor Jeffries Wyman, and Mr. Charles K. Dillaway, who reported at the succeeding meeting, on the 17th instant. I herewith transmit a copy of a portion of the records of the Society, which will inform you of their action in the premises.

Accept, Madam, for myself, the assurance of my great respect, and believe me I am

Most truly yours,

S. L. Abbot,

Corresponding Secretary B. S. N. H.

Dr. C. T. Jackson, in behalf of the Committee appointed to prepare appropriate resolutions, in consideration of the bequest to the Library by the late James Brown, and also Mrs. Brown's donation of the portrait of Thomas Nuttall, reported as follows, presenting the accompanying resolutions: —

Mr. President — We are called upon to deplore the loss of one of our highly-valued members, a patron of this Society, the late James Brown, Esq., who died at his residence in Watertown, on Saturday, March 10, at the age of fifty-five years.

Mr. Brown was born in Acton, in this State, on the 19th of May, 1800, and lived, while a young man, in Cambridge. He was then poor; but was always respected for the excellence of his character, and for his industry and fidelity to his employers. By his own industry, and intelligent labor and business habits, he gradually acquired so large an amount of property as to be able to make generous presents to the Library of Harvard College, and to aid in the advancement of many literary and humane undertakings.

He entered into the business of publishing books, first in Cambridge, and subsequently in Boston; where he became an active partner in the firm of Little & Brown, a publishing house well known not only in this community, but all over the Union, for its sterling publications and great fidelity.

Mr. Brown soon took a lively interest in the Boston Society of Natural History, and freely contributed to its funds and to its Library; and, by his active endeavors, induced others also to favor the Society with liberal donations.

The rank he took in becoming a PATRON of the Society, he always ably sustained during his lifetime, and bore it in remembrance in his last hours, as is proved by the valuable bequest which he left to its Library. Mr. Brown's taste for the beautiful is admirably exemplified in his selection of the department of Ornithology as his favorite study; and the volumes he has left to the Society in his last will, prove not only the excellence of his judgment in their selection, but also a most liberal spirit in the purchase of such valuable books on his favorite department of science. Those who knew him well say that he had a keen relish for the beautiful in nature, and that he enjoyed especially the observation of the habits of birds; and they attribute much of his cultivated taste to his devotion to one of the most lovely departments of Natural History.

In his profession, he was an astute critic, in judging of the character and value of books; and those whose opinion is entitled to respect say, that there are few men in the country who could have been more safely trusted with *carte blanche* in the selection of a good library.

The Committee beg leave to offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Boston Society of Natural History is deeply sensible of the great loss it has met with in the decease of its eminent patron and benefactor, the late James Brown, Esq., to whose numerous donations, made during his lifetime, the Society has been under obligations; as also for the kindly exertions often made by him, to persuade others to aid in the increase of the Society's means for the promotion of science.

Resolved, That the Society having received from the Executors of the will of their late Patron a number of magnificent folios on Ornithology, and other departments of Natural History, which he had bequeathed to their Library, contemplate this, one of the last acts of his life, with sentiments of deep emotion and gratitude, as evincing the friendship and kind consideration of the testator towards the Society, and his generous and kind appreciation of their wants.

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased; also,

Resolved, That the thanks of the Boston Society of Natural History be presented to Mrs. James Brown, for her generous donation of a portrait of the distinguished naturalist, Thomas Nuttall.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, held at the house of Mr. Lawrence, 17th March, 1855,

Mr. Gray, the President, presiding,

Mr. Winthrop said it was already known to most of the Trustees, that such of them as could be conveniently notified had held an informal consultation, on learning the death of their late associate, James Brown, Esq., and had proceeded to attend his funeral on Tuesday last; but it was fit, at this first stated meeting since the event occurred, the Trustees should put upon record some expression of their sense of the loss which had been sustained, he therefore offered the following resolutions: —

Resolved, That the Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture have heard with unfeigned sorrow of the death of their late esteemed and respected associate, James Brown, Esq., whose

connection with this Board for several years past has been the source of so much interest and pleasure to us all.

Resolved, That while we cordially unite with our fellow-citizens, in bearing testimony to the integrity and liberality, the enterprise and public spirit, by which Mr. Brown was distinguished in other walks of life, we feel especially called upon to make mention of his earnest interest in the objects of this Society; of his intelligent, practical, and personal efforts for the improvement of Agriculture.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to communicate the resolutions to the family of the deceased, with an assurance of our sympathy in their bereavement, and of our deep sense of the loss which has been sustained by this Society and by the whole community.

These resolves were unanimously adopted, and the Secretary directed to have them placed upon the records of this Board, and to request their publication in the newspapers.

A copy of the record,

BENJAMIN GUILD,
Rec. Secretary of the M. S. for P. A.

BOSTON, 19th March, 1855.

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

TRADE SALE IN NEW YORK.

PROCEEDINGS.

At the Trade Sale Rooms of Messrs. Bangs, Brothers, & Co., of New York, which were filled with booksellers from all parts of the country, the death of Mr. James Brown, their late co-laborer, was announced this (Thursday) afternoon, the fifteenth day of March, 1855, whereupon the sale was adjourned, and a meeting organized for the expression of sympathy with the family of the deceased, and with his late partners in business, the following gentlemen being appointed officers: —

Mr. James Harper, of New York, *President;* Messrs. W. A. Blanchard, H. Cowperthwait, of Philadelphia, C. S. Francis, of New York, *Vice-Presidents;* J. S. Redfield, of New York, *Secretary.*

The Chairman, on taking his seat, announced the object of the meeting in a few appropriate remarks, after which Mr. George P. Putnam offered the following resolutions: —

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to remove from among us, by death, our

highly-esteemed friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. James Brown, publisher and bookseller of Boston, and

Whereas, In the distinguished position so long and so honorably filled by our departed friend, he has won for himself our hearty admiration and respect as the worthy leader of the trade, preëminent alike for intelligent enterprise and judgment, extensive knowledge of books, uncompromising integrity, and uniform courtesy and kindness of heart; therefore,

Resolved, That the booksellers and publishers from various parts of the United States, here assembled, have heard with deep and sincere regret the intelligence of the death of Mr. Brown.

Resolved, That we respectfully tender to the family of our late respected associate our earnest sympathy in their affliction.

Resolved, That we also sympathize sincerely with the surviving partners of the deceased in the great loss they have sustained — a loss which will be felt by our whole fraternity.

Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, moved the adoption of the resolutions with the following remarks: —

It is difficult, Mr. Chairman, to speak of our buried friend during the first sharp agony of grief, and while his loss is so recent and startling. His cheerful smile, his cordial greeting, his ever ready sympathy — those "small, sweet courtesies in which

there is no parade" — were so lately present to us, that our lips almost refuse to utter how much we feel in this sad bereavement. Our deceased brother was a genuine, hearty friend. We all rejoiced in his prosperity, for it seemed natural and right that he should be happy and successful. His excellent qualities we all recognized. He was a man of large culture, modest in his pretensions, but always competent in whatever affairs engaged his attention and his energy. He was a merchant in the fullest and best sense of that term; his sterling sense and wide comprehension of business matters claiming for him something more than the qualities of a mere buyer and seller. Abroad, as well as at home, he was extensively known and respected; nay, more, he was always, wherever he was known, beloved. His charity was liberal, never ostentatious. Doing good by stealth seemed his vocation. While the sun of prosperity warmed his own mansion, he never forgot those humble dwellings where poverty and want and hunger are constant visitors. His tastes were remarkably simple; and he delighted to walk under the open sky, abroad in the summer fields and woods, gathering health and instruction in the free air. No one came beneath his hospitable roof, as many here can testify, without a sensation of unalloyed pleasure in his hearty welcome.

In that quiet home, at the close of the last week, at the ending of the day, he died. Tranquil, and without conscious suffering, he gently yielded up his

spirit to the God who gave it. Those who loved him best were about his bedside, — his wife, his children, a few intimate friends.

They watched his breathing through the day,
His breathing soft and low,
As in his breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
Their very hopes belied their fears,
Their fears their hopes belied;
They thought him dying while he slept,
And sleeping when he died.

So calmly passed our brother to his rest. We shall never see his form again on earth, but we shall not cease to cherish his memory with an affectionate and endearing interest. He has gone to his reward. Let us think of him with a cheerful reliance on the goodness of God, and let us be ready to meet that messenger which sooner or later comes not unbidden to every human being.

On motion of Mr. Lemuel Bangs, it was resolved that copies of the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the family and partners of the deceased, and that they be published.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

BOOKSELLERS OF BOSTON.

PROCEEDINGS.

A MEETING of the Book Trade of Boston was called on Monday afternoon, March 12, at four o'clock, in the room over Messrs. Ticknor and Fields's store, to consider what action should be had in relation to the death of the late James Brown, Esq., of the firm of Little, Brown and Company. The meeting was largely attended, nearly every firm in the city being represented.

William D. Ticknor, Esq., was called to the chair, and Charles Sampson, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

It was voted, that a committee of five be appointed to retire and draw up resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting.

The following gentlemen were appointed: —

Messrs. Osmyn Brewster, Charles J. Hendee, E. P. Tileston, William D. Swan, and William J. Reynolds.

The Committee reported the following: —

Whereas, we have learned, with deep and sincere regret, of the sudden death of our friend and co-laborer, Mr. James Brown, therefore

Resolved, That we cherish in our memories his noble qualities as a man; his reliable and steadfast integrity; his firm and conscientious purpose; his devoted and affectionate friendship; and his unbounded liberality of heart and hand; and that in his death we have sustained the loss of one of the brightest ornaments of our profession.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the afflicted family of our departed friend, and earnestly commend them to the care and blessing of Him who is the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God.

Resolved, That in token of our respect for the deceased we will attend his funeral, and that we will close our places of business during the services, and the remainder of the day.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Appropriate remarks were made by Messrs. Ticknor, Marvin, Jenks, Dennett, Crocker, and others, and the meeting dissolved.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

TRUSTEES OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

PROCEEDINGS.

At the regular meeting of the Trustees of the Boston Athenæum, holden on Monday, March 12, the death of James Brown, Esq., one of the Trustees, was announced, and George Livermore, Esq., offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published: —

The recent and sudden death of James Brown, Esq., having been announced, the Trustees of the Boston Athenæum are unwilling to allow this event to pass without some distinct expression of their sense of the great loss which this institution, as well as the literary community generally, has thereby sustained. No lengthened eulogy is needed to cause his life and character to be remembered with grateful affection. One of the most eminent booksellers and publishers in this country, he dignified his profession by adding to rare sagacity and probity an enlightened and disinterested regard for the cause of good learn-

ing, a liberal patronage of public institutions, and a widely-exercised private beneficence.

Resolved, That the Trustees of the Boston Athenæum have received with deep sorrow the intelligence of the decease of their late respected associate, James Brown, Esq.

Resolved, That the valuable services of Mr. Brown as a member of this Board, his great interest in the welfare of the Athenæum, his active efforts to place it in its present position of prosperity and usefulness, and his magnificent donations of many costly and very valuable books, entitled him to a distinguished rank among the friends and benefactors of this institution.

Resolved, That the members of this Board will cherish with grateful respect the memory of the deceased; and that a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary, be transmitted to the family of Mr. Brown.

Attest:

Henry M. Parker, *Secretary.*

DONATION

TO THE

BOSTON ATHENÆUM IN 1853.

DONATION.

[In the spring of 1853, a liberal donation of books was made by Mr. Brown to the Boston Athenæum. His letter, and the resolutions of the Trustees, are now printed for the first time.]

Boston, March 12, 1853.

My Dear Sir — I have for some time intended, at my earliest leisure, to make a selection of books as a gift to the Boston Athenæum, and now beg your acceptance, for that institution, of those named below. I have been guided, in making the selection, by my knowledge of the wants of architects and naturalists, who have often found it convenient to consult these works in my shop, and who have often expressed the wish, that these and similar works might be found in some public collection, to which they could have free access. Piranesi and Gould, I think, cannot be consulted in any public collection in this country, except, perhaps, the Astor Library in New York.

I ask your acceptance of these books, with my best wishes for the prosperity and usefulness of the Athenæum, and with the assurance that I shall always take pleasure in contributing what I may be

able to its objects. I particularly request, that you will not make this gift known beyond the Board of Directors and other officers of the institution.

I am faithfully yours,

JAMES BROWN.

To GEORGE LIVERMORE, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of the Library of the Boston Athenæum.

P. S. I take the more pleasure in making this donation, since it seems settled by the Directors of the Athenæum, that our Library is not to be merged in that proposed to be collected by the city.

[COPY FROM THE RECORDS OF THE SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.]

BOSTON ATHENÆUM, March 14, 1853.

The Library Committee perform a most agreeable duty in making the following Report: —

They have received a communication from James Brown, Esq., one of this Board, in which he offers to their acceptance, for the Library of the Athenæum, a large number of costly and splendid volumes, comprising some of the most magnificent and important works on Antiquities, the Fine Arts, and Natural History, that have appeared in Europe in recent times, and indeed that have ever been published. The modesty of the donor suppresses all indication of their value; but it is well known that the three works of Champollion, Piranesi, and Gould are alone worth more than one thousand dol-

lars, and the whole collection of books presented must be estimated at more than twice that sum. The liberality of his views, in making the Athenæum the organ of serving the cause of learning and art, by this rich contribution to its stores, and his excellent judgment in the selection of the books, will best appear from the words of his letter to the Chairman of the Committee, accompanying the gift.

The Committee would recommend the adoption of the following votes: —

Voted, That the thanks of the Trustees be presented to James Brown, Esq., for his munificent donation to the Library of the Athenæum, unequalled in value by any preceding gift of books since its foundation.

Voted, That the letter of Mr. Brown, accompanying his gift, and the titles of the works presented by him, be copied into the records of the Trustees; that thus it may be perpetuated that the Trustees fully recognize the enlightened zeal and liberality with which, in the spirit of its founders, he has chosen to endow this cherished institution with so large and rare an apparatus for serving the cause of science and the arts in this community.

Respectfully submitted by

GEORGE LIVERMORE,
SAMUEL G. WARD,
CHARLES E. NORTON. } *Library Committee.*

The above votes were unanimously adopted.

LETTER

FROM

GEORGE LIVERMORE, ESQ.

LETTER.

[Mr. Livermore, in transmitting to the Editor an account of the Donation to the Athenæum, in March, 1853, accompanied it with the following letter.]

Dana Hill, Cambridge, September 22, 1856.

My Dear Hillard — The munificent donation of books to the Library of the Boston Athenæum, made by Mr. Brown, in 1853, was an act as creditable to him as it was valuable to the institution which was enriched by his bounty. While Mr. Brown was living, no public acknowledgment of his princely gift could be made; but now that he is beyond the reach of that human praise which his modest and retiring disposition led him to shun, there can be no impropriety in publishing the particulars relating to it.

Mr. Brown had previously given many very valuable works to the Library, and his interest in its prosperity was not surpassed by that of any member of the Board of Trustees. When the effort was made to raise funds sufficient to place the Athenæum on an independent and permanent basis, Mr. Brown became a liberal subscriber. He was a very

useful trustee, performing the duties assigned him on committees with good judgment and fidelity. The estimate in which he was held by his associates appeared by the resolutions passed by them on the occasion of his death.

You and I well know that Mr. Brown's connection with the Athenæum was in accordance with the general tenor of his life. He was continually rendering invaluable services to public institutions and to private individuals, by his wise counsels and his timely gifts; and all his benevolent acts were characterized by that good judgment and modesty which render such deeds doubly valuable.

For nearly thirty years, I knew him in various relations, and every year of the acquaintance deepened my respect and affection for him. As a bookseller, his genial manners, good sense, and fair dealings, made him a favorite with all who visited his book-store; and many a friend of literature and science has been drawn to that store, partly by the desire to enjoy half an hour's intelligent conversation with him. The little, informal club, of which the late Rev. Dr. Young was the soul, met there daily for years, as regularly as the noon returned, to talk over the literary matters of the day, and to discuss the merits of new publications. This daily gathering of half a dozen persons or less might be called the Ante-Dinner Club; for none of the members would think of dining before they had called on Mr. Brown, or had met each other in his rooms.

Had there been a Boswell of the number, with a ready pen to record the racy remarks which were there made on authors and their works, an interesting and amusing volume might be prepared.

In the summer of 1845, I visited Europe in company with Mr. Brown. We occupied the same state-room during the voyage, and had lodgings together in London and Paris. I esteemed it a high privilege to have such a companion. This was his second visit to Europe. He had been there in the summer of 1843, and had made such a favorable impression on the minds of those who had made his acquaintance, that he was cordially received on his return. John Murray the elder, for whom he cherished the most affectionate regard, and whose name he gave to his youngest son, was dead; but his son and successor in business was there to welcome him. William Pickering and Thomas Rodd, those intelligent booksellers, were living, and many a pleasant evening was passed in company with them. We were together several times at the library and the table of the venerable Samuel Rogers, the banker poet; and the warm and pressing invitations for him to repeat his visits, proved how highly Mr. Rogers prized his intelligent conversation. Doubleday, the eminent entomologist, and Nuttall, the distinguished naturalist, highly appreciated his attainments as a naturalist, as well as his marked qualities as a genial companion and an accomplished gentleman.

It would be pleasant for me to enlarge on various matters, which the recollection of a long and friendly acquaintance with Mr. Brown revive ; but I am only able to express in this brief, imperfect, and hasty manner, my sense of the excellence of his character, and my enduring respect for his memory.

With the highest regard,

I am ever yours,

George Livermore.

Hon. George S. Hillard.

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